Boys' and Girls' MARCH OF COMICS

Featuring

M.G.M.

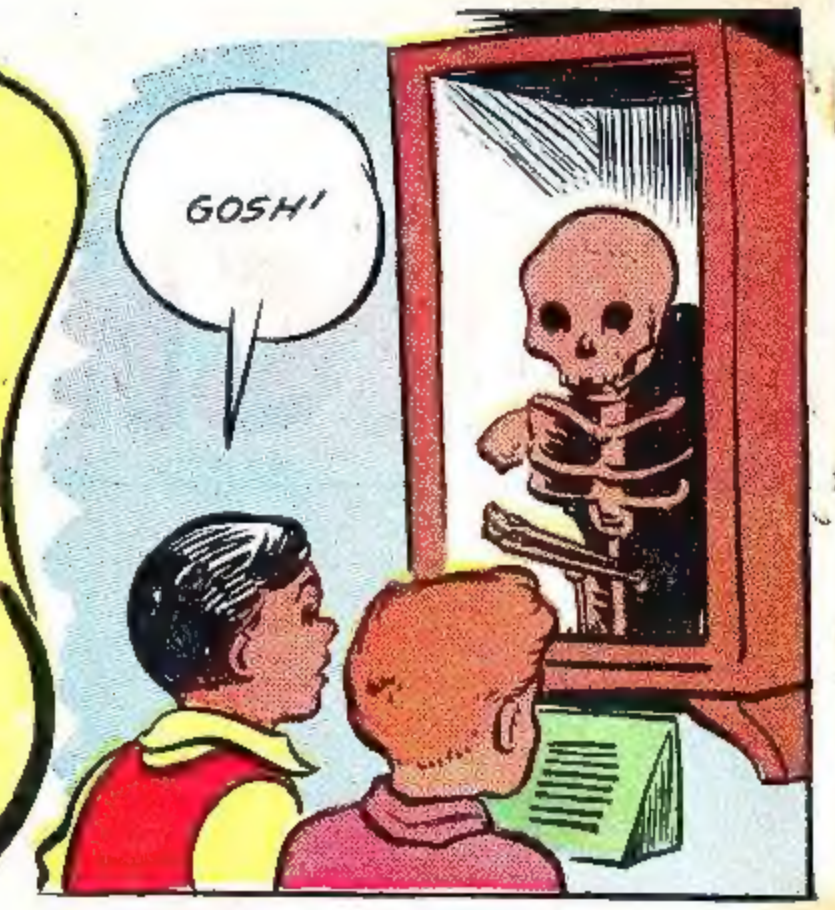
OUR GANG

MGM presents

OUR GANG

AND THE

SKELETON RIVER MYSTERY



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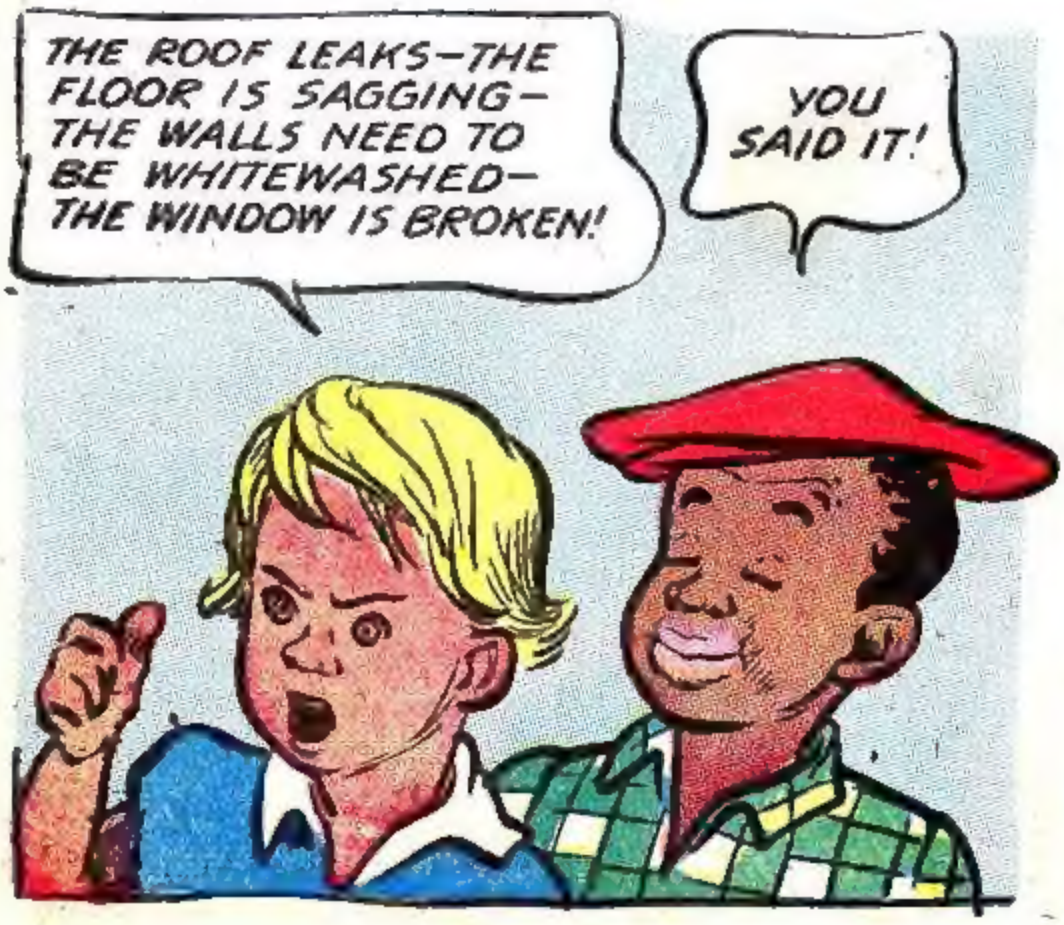
THERE'S BUCKY BY THE CLUB-HOUSE.
HEY, BUCKY! WE'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA.

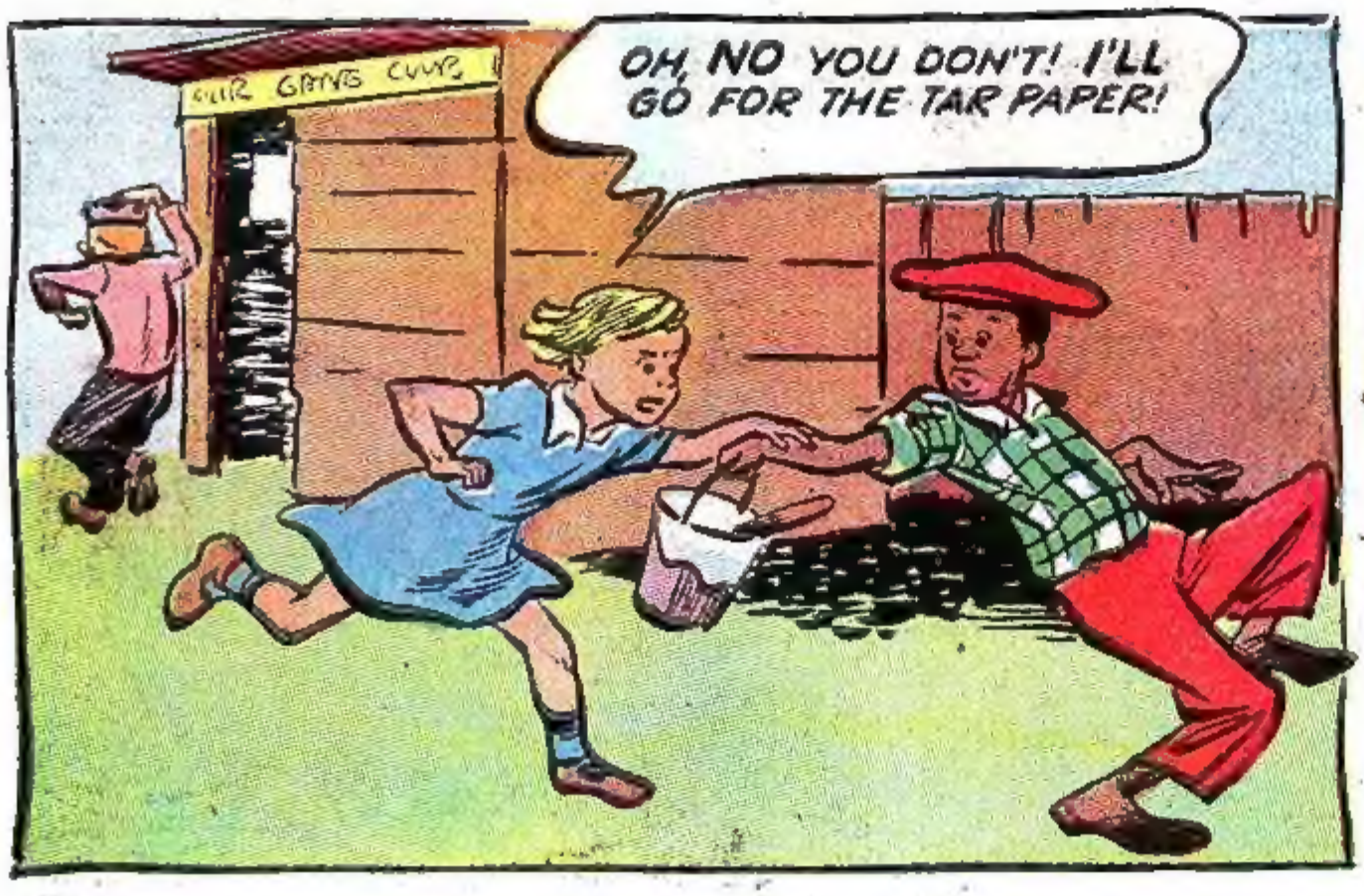
YEAH? WELL, JANEY'S GOT ONE, TOO – SHE'S GOT ME HELPING HER CLEAN OUT THE CLUBHOUSE.

YES, AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO GET TO WORK, TOO.

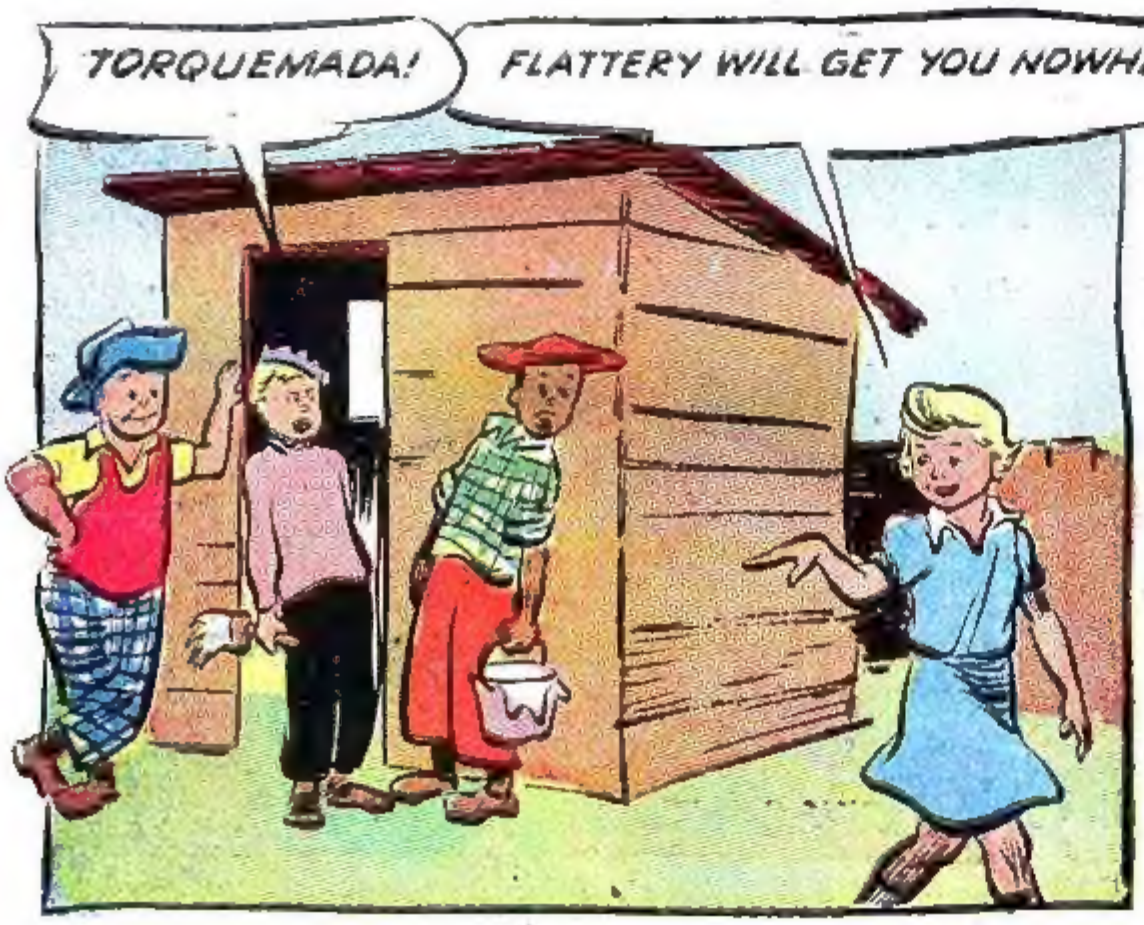
BUT THAT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL– IT'S SATURDAY.
AGAINST ALL THE RULES OF INTERNATIONAL WARFARE.
FOOEY – THE CLUB IS A MESS.


THE ROOF LEAKS – THE FLOOR IS SAGGING – THE WALLS NEED TO BE WHITEWASHED – THE WINDOW IS BROKEN!
YOU SAID IT!

GET THEM TO WHITEWASH THE WALLS – I'LL GO LOOK FOR A PIECE OF TAR PAPER TO FIX THE ROOF.

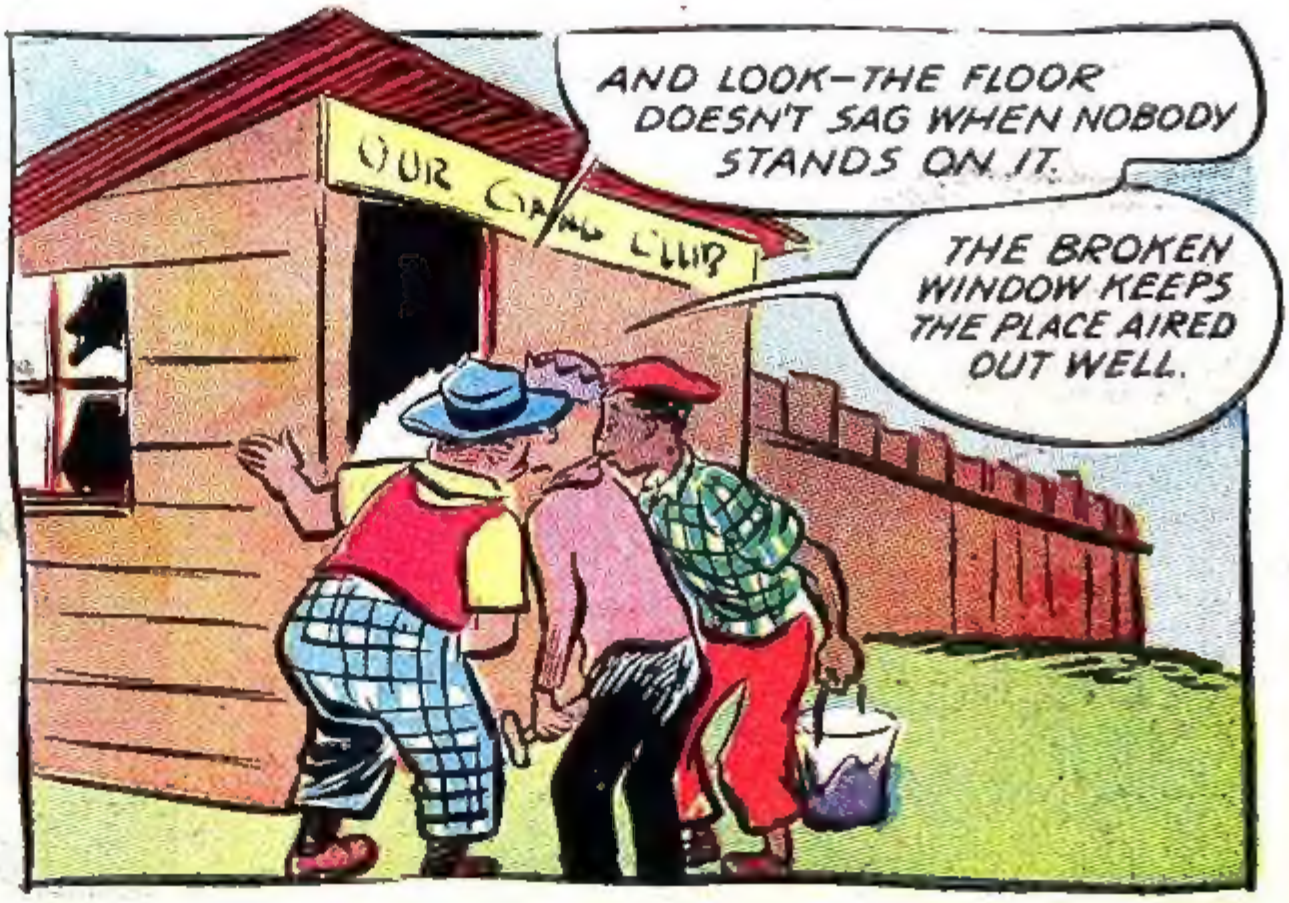

OUR GANG CLUB
OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'LL GO FOR THE TAR PAPER!

AND YOU OTHERS STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL GIVE YOU THIS BRUSH ON THE HEAD!


TORQUEMADA!
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE!

MEN, IF SHE COMES BACK WITH THAT TAR PAPER, WE'LL BE HERE ALL DAY.
AND IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY...

THE ROOF WILL NEVER LEAK WHILE THE SUN'S OUT.


AND LOOK—THE FLOOR DOESN'T SAG WHEN NOBODY STANDS ON IT.
THE BROKEN WINDOW KEEPS THE PLACE AIRED OUT WELL.

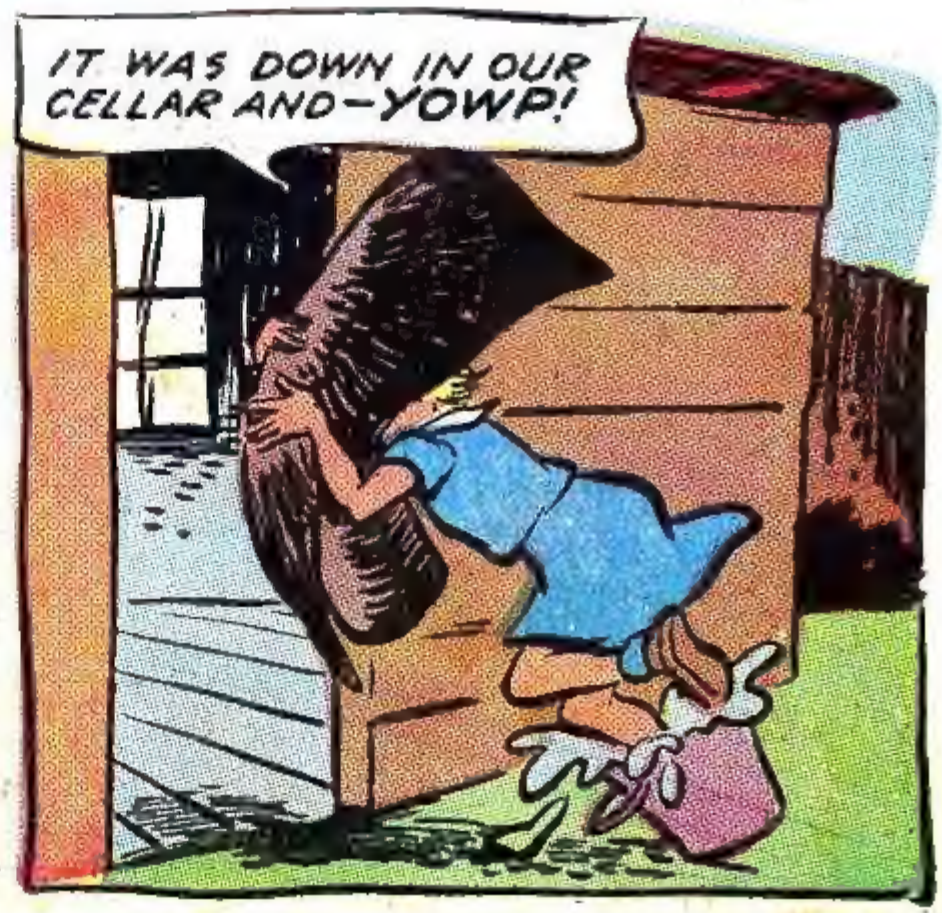
AND YOU NEVER NOTICE THE INSIDE NEEDS WHITEWASH IF YOU STAY OUTSIDE.

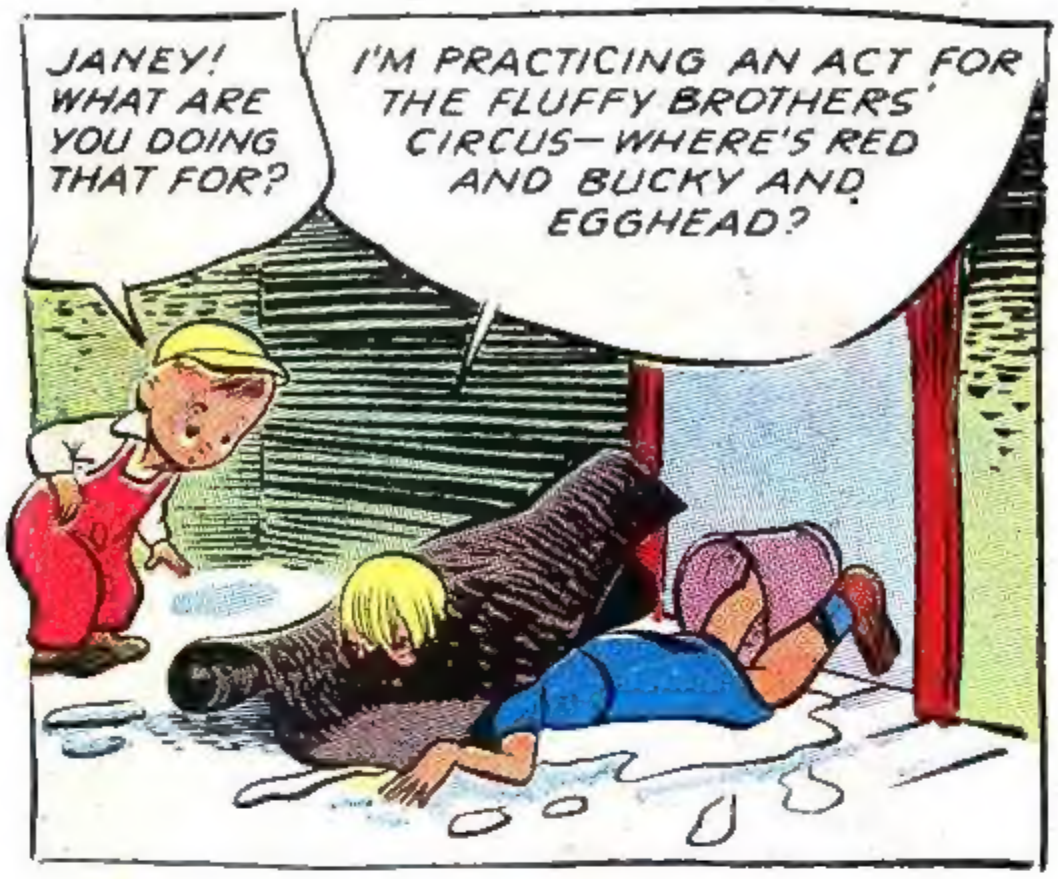
BUT TELL ME, WHAT'S THIS BIG IDEA?
SHH— WAIT'LL WE FIND OUT IF JANEY'S COMING BACK YET...
COAST IS CLEAR.

WE'RE GOING CAMPING.
UP ON INDIAN BLUFF.

SO GET SOME FOOD AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU NEED—RED WILL GET HIS TENT.
GOOD!
I'LL MEET YOU HERE LATER

HEY, GANG! LOOK AT ALL THE TAR PAPER I GOT!
GANG CLUB

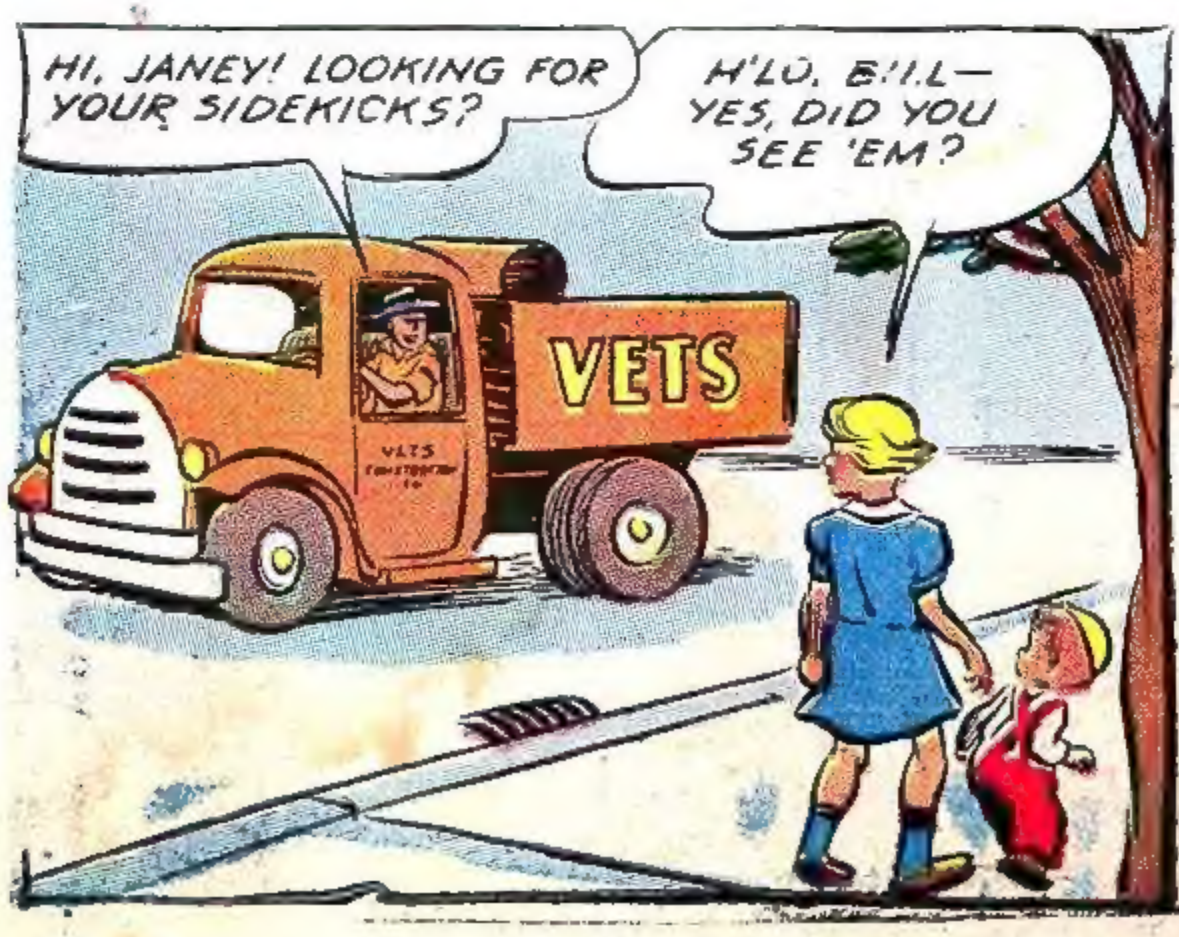

IT WAS DOWN IN OUR CELLAR AND—YOWP!


JANEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?
I'M PRACTICING AN ACT FOR THE FLUFFY BROTHERS' CIRCUS—WHERE'S RED AND BUCKY AND EGGHEAD?

I DUNNO—THE CLUBHOUSE WAS EMPTY WHEN I CAME—IS THE CIRCUS ACT A FUNNY ONE?
A REAL ROUSER—A SCREAM—I DO IT WITH SIX CLOWNS AND AN ELEPHANT.

OH, THAT'S A GOOD ACT—CAN I BE A CLOWN?
YOU CAN BE THE ELEPHANT—WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THOSE BIRDS!

BIRDS? WERE RED AND BUCKY AND EGGY SUPPOSED TO BE BIRDS?
YEAH—BUZZARDS!

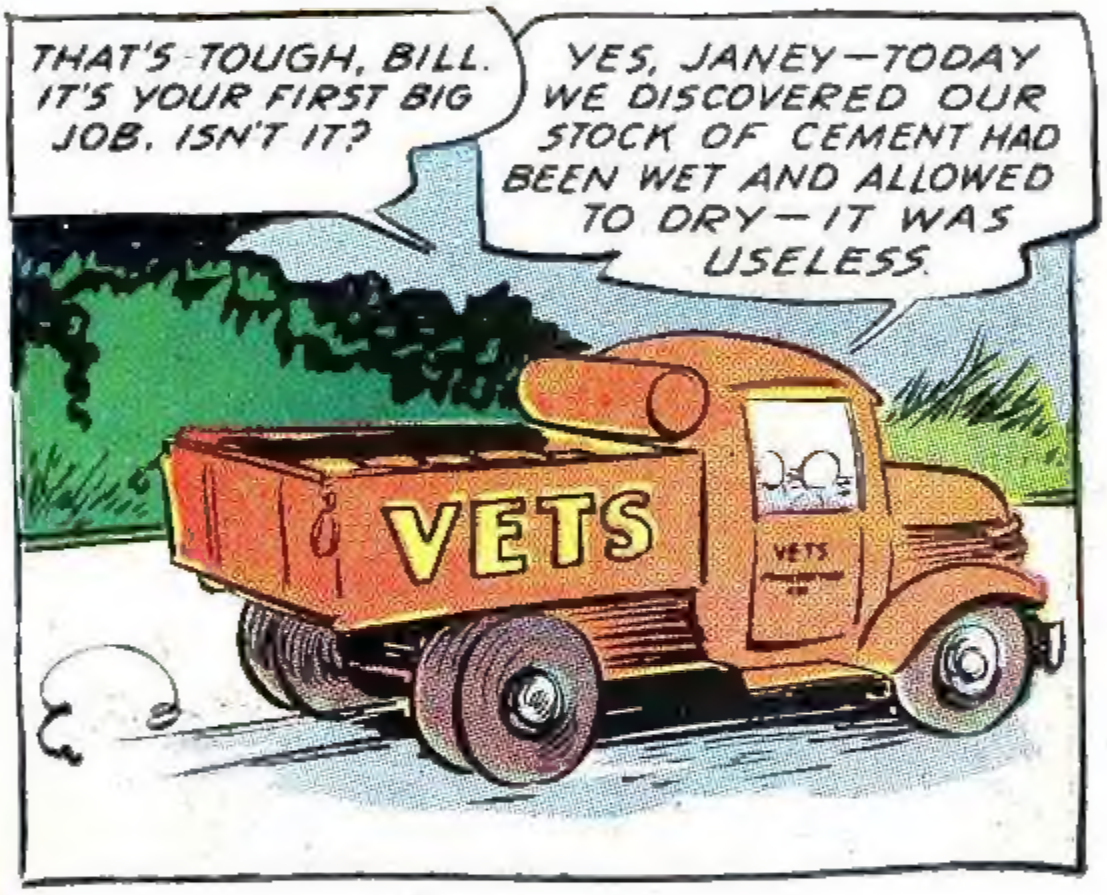

HI, JANEY! LOOKING FOR YOUR SIDEKICKS?
H'LO, BILL—YES, DID YOU SEE 'EM?
VETS

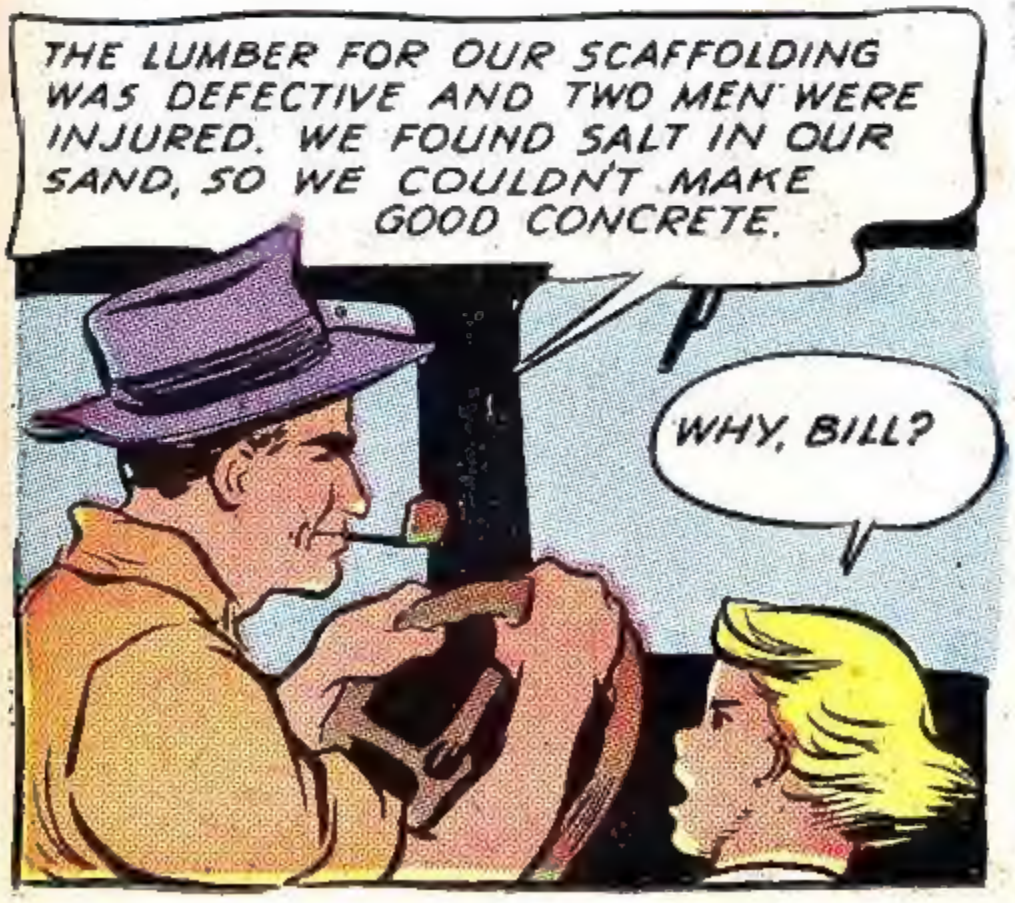
UP ON THE RIVER ROAD—OFFERED TO PICK 'EM UP ON MY WAY BACK.

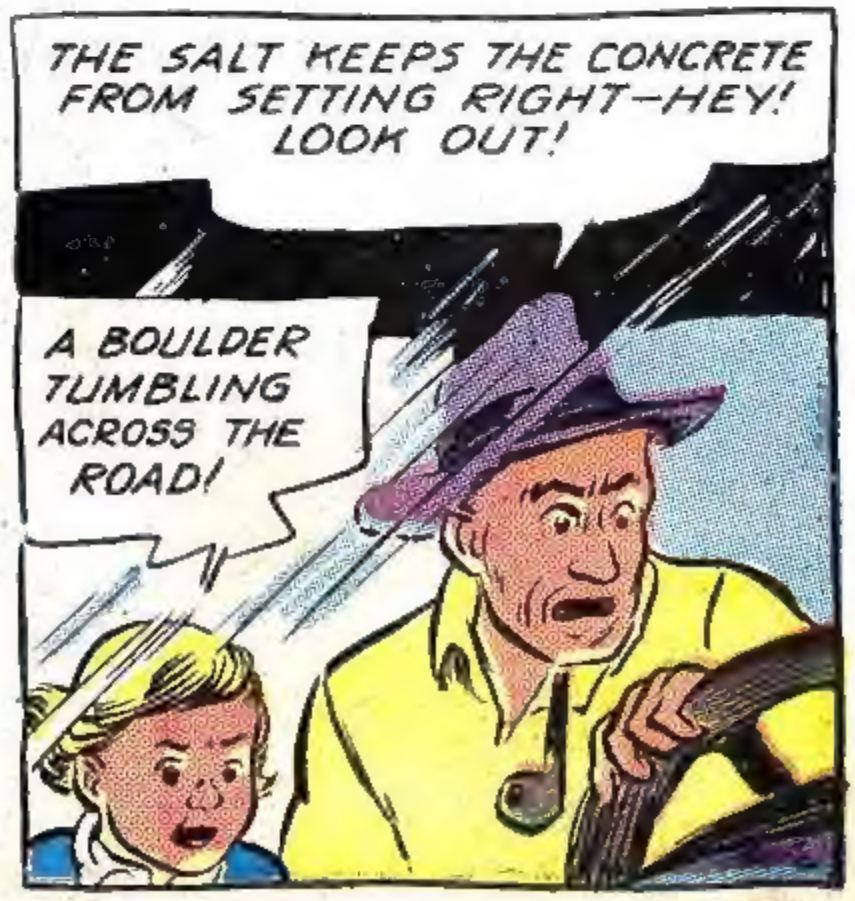
HOP IN IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM—I'LL BRING YOU BACK WHEN I COME HOME THIS EVENING.

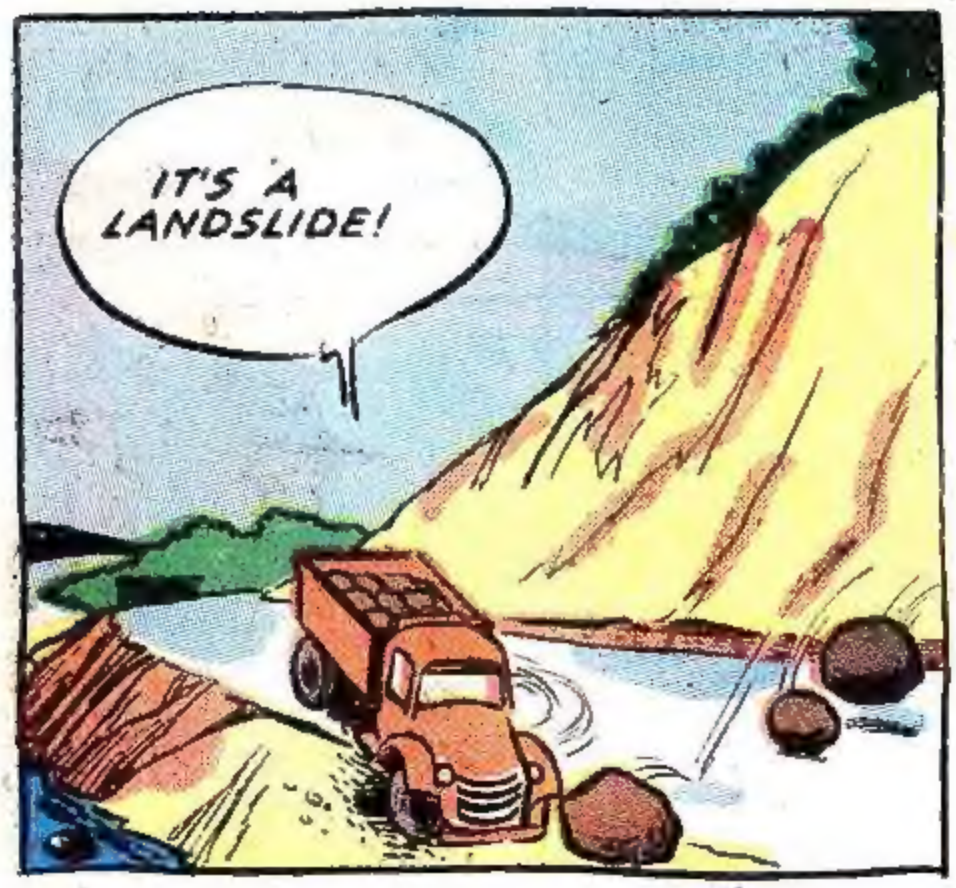
WHY ARE YOU DOWN FROM THE PARK JOB, BILL?
GETTING NEW CEMENT, JANEY.

EVER SINCE WE VETS BID TO MAKE THE DAM AT SKELETON RIVER AND LANDSCAPE A NEW PARK UP THERE, WE'VE HAD TROUBLE.


THAT'S TOUGH, BILL. IT'S YOUR FIRST BIG JOB, ISN'T IT?
YES, JANEY—TODAY WE DISCOVERED OUR STOCK OF CEMENT HAD BEEN WET AND ALLOWED TO DRY—IT WAS USELESS.
VETS
VETS


THE LUMBER FOR OUR SCAFFOLDING WAS DEFECTIVE AND TWO MEN WERE INJURED. WE FOUND SALT IN OUR SAND, SO WE COULDN'T MAKE GOOD CONCRETE.
WHY, BILL?


THE SALT KEEPS THE CONCRETE FROM SETTING RIGHT—HEY! LOOK OUT!
A BOULDER TUMBLING ACROSS THE ROAD!


IT'S A LANDSLIDE!

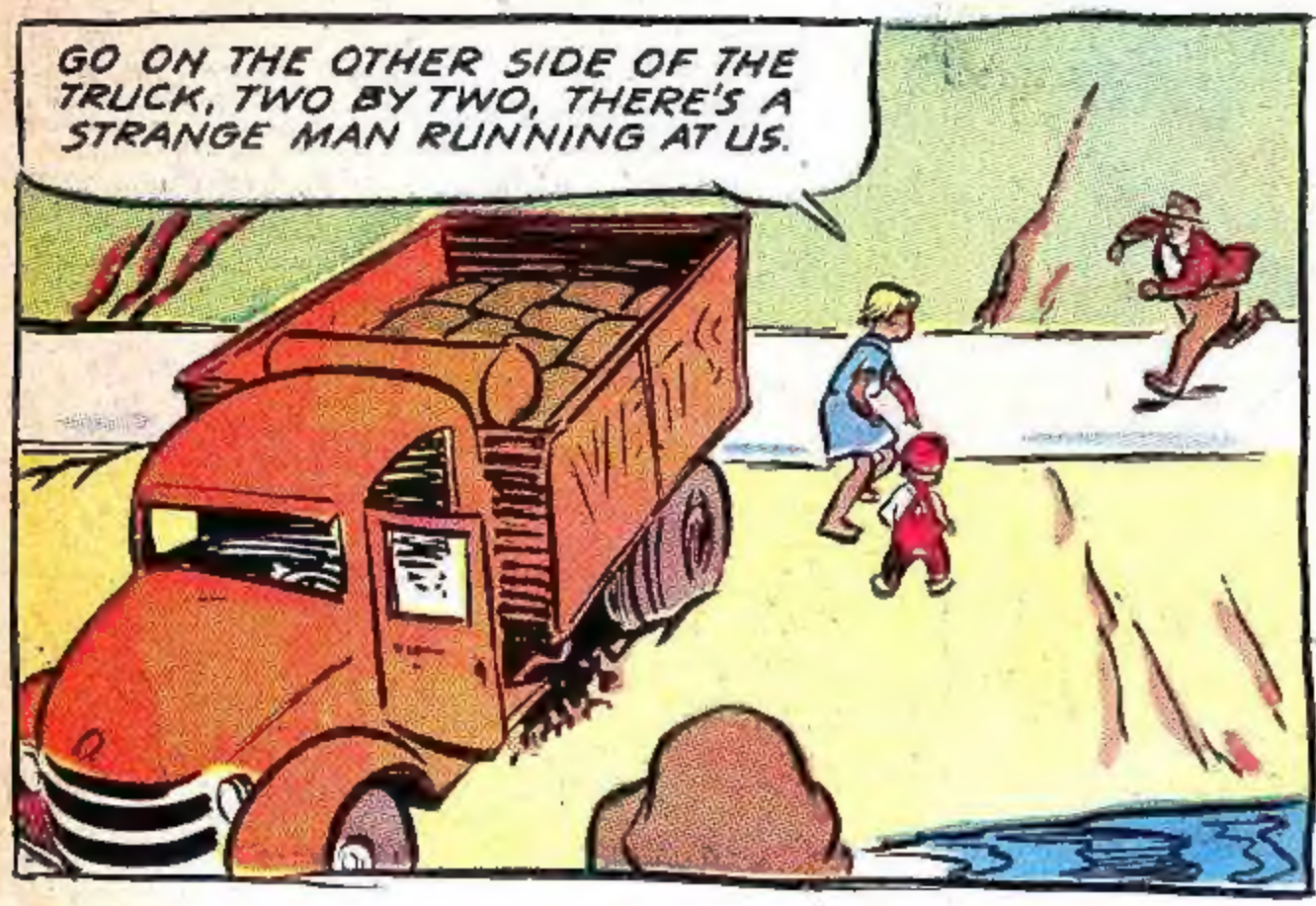
I WANT TO GET A LOOK AT THE PLACE WHERE THAT SLIDE STARTED.

I THOUGHT SO—FOOT-PRINTS—SOMEBODY STARTED THAT SLIDE!

I'LL BE—THAT BIRD JUMPED OUT OF THE GRASS—HE'S THE ONE!

HE'S CIRCLING AROUND—HEADING BACK TO THE ROAD.

THERE HE GOES—SLIDING DOWN THE BANK—TRYING TO GET BACK TO HIS CAR, I GUESS.


GO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK, TWO BY TWO, THERE'S A STRANGE MAN RUNNING AT US.

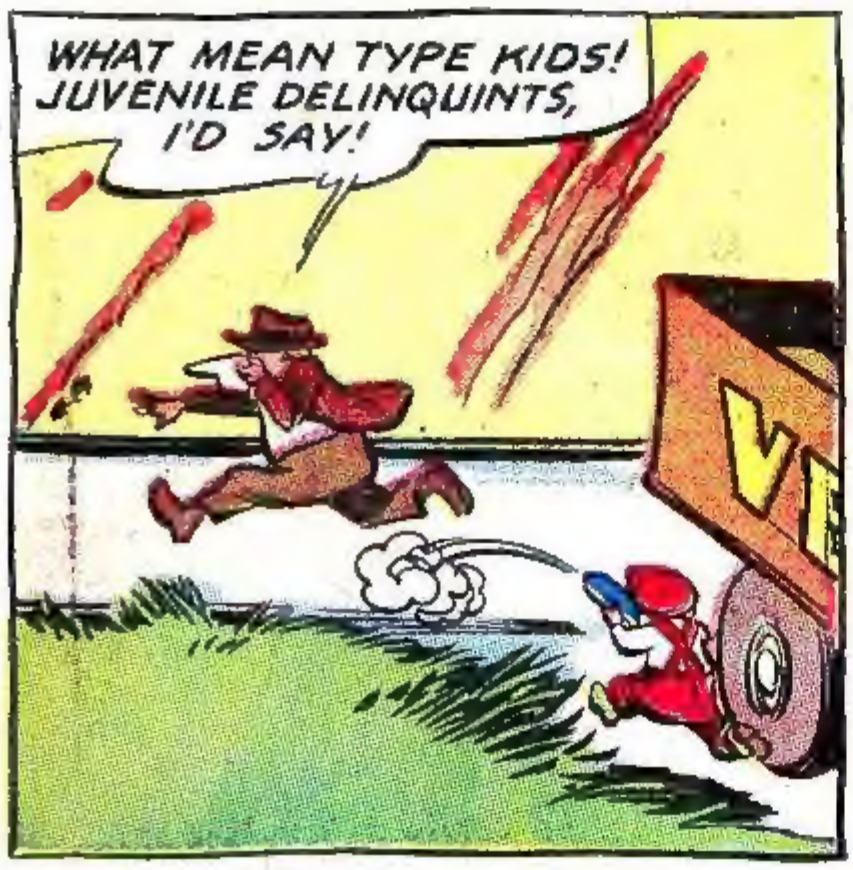
GET AWAY FROM THAT TRUCK, KID — I'M GONNA ROLL HER INTO TH' RIVER.

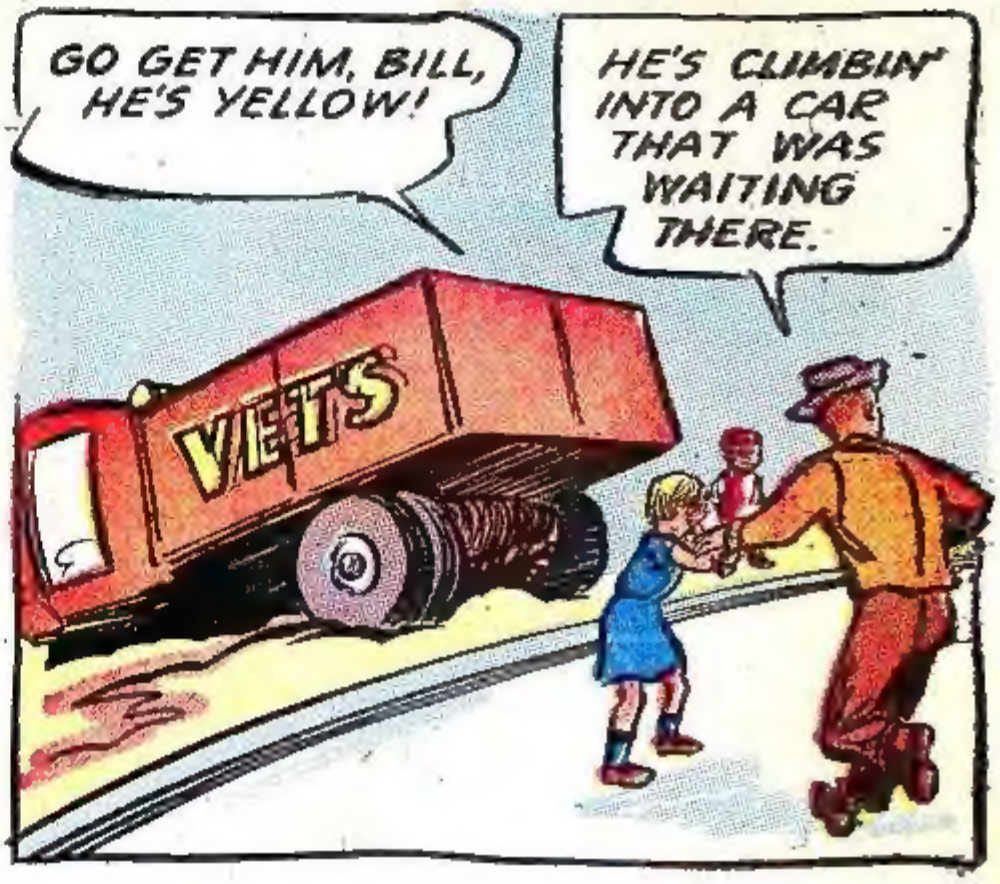
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, STRANGER, OR I'LL BOUNCE THIS ROCK OFF YOUR HAT.
YOU'RE A MEAN TYPE KID...

AND HERE'S MUD IN YA EYE, TOOTS!

IF I HAD TIME, I'D REALLY TEACH YOU A LESSON.
VETS
OW!

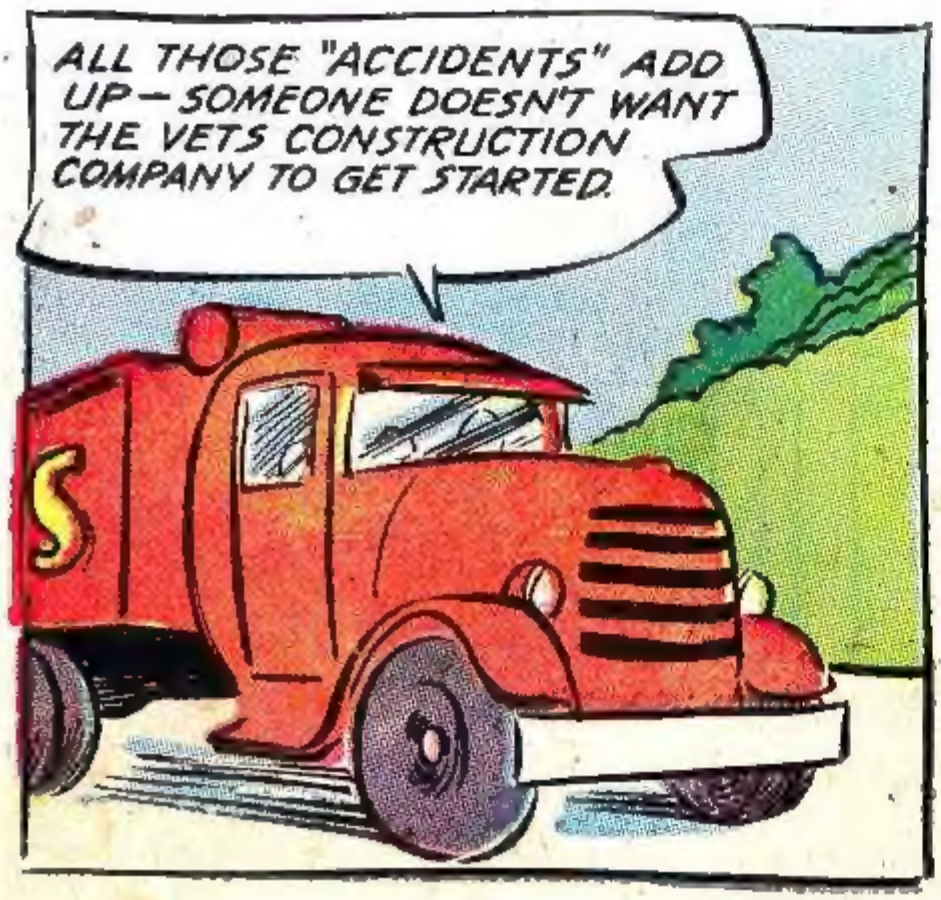
THE LONE STAR RANGER, THAT'S ME!
FIRE

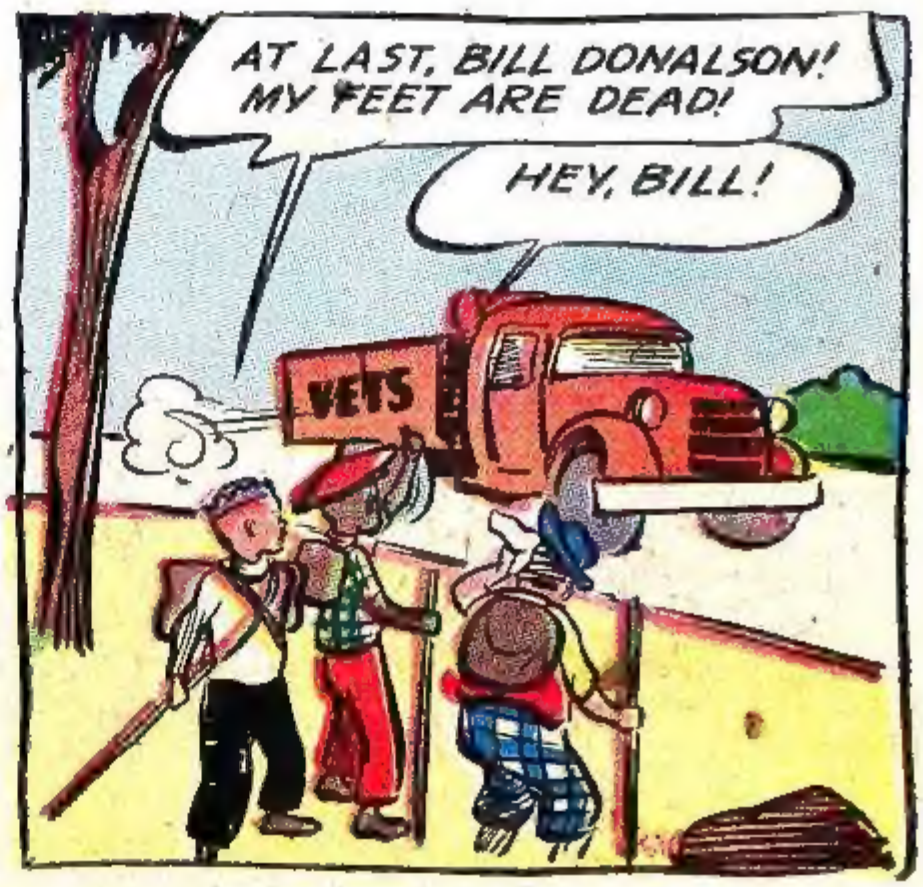

WHAT MEAN TYPE KIDS! JUVENILE DELINQUINTS, I'D SAY!

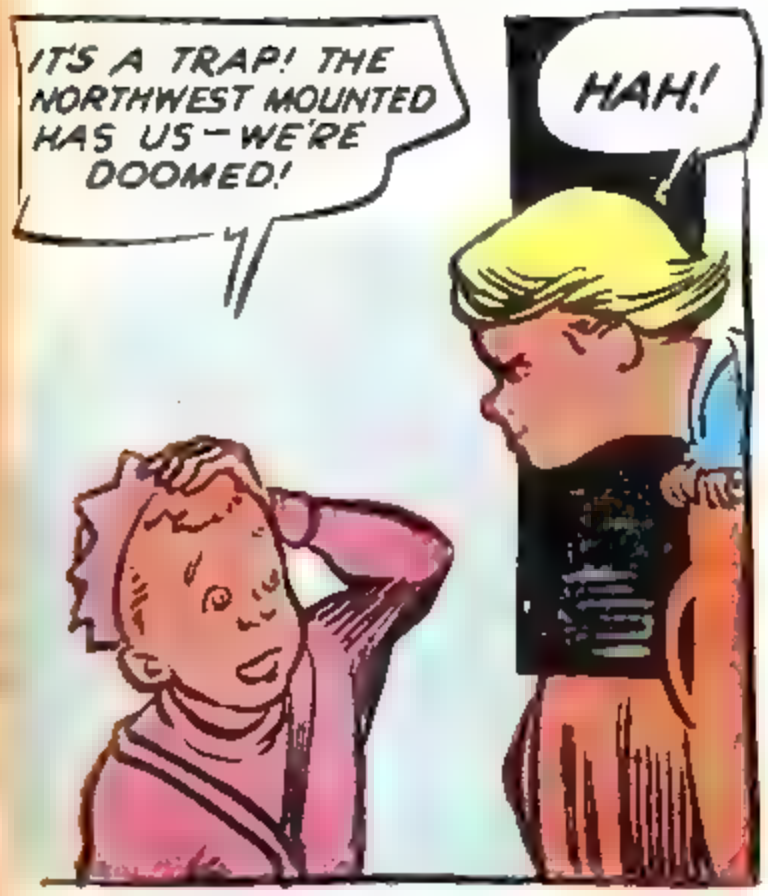

GO GET HIM, BILL, HE'S YELLOW!
HE'S CLIMBIN' INTO A CAR THAT WAS WAITING THERE.
VETS

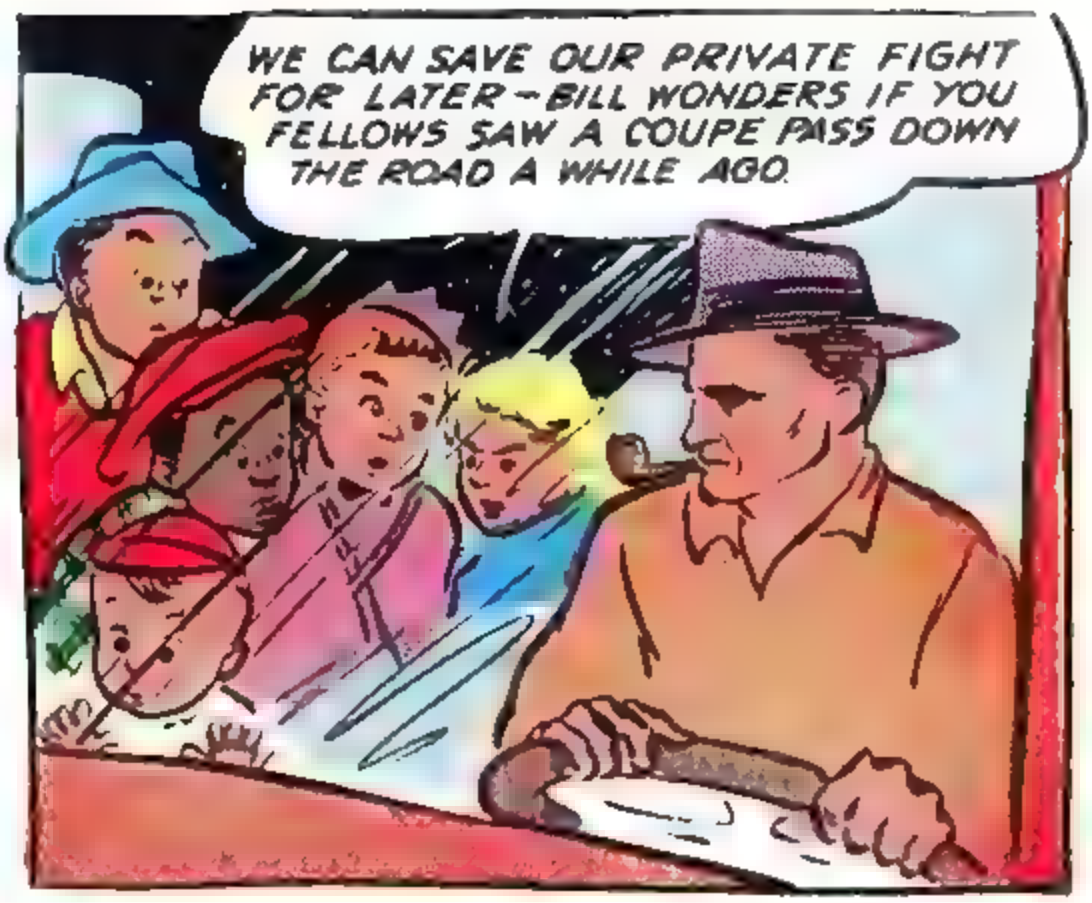
THANKS TO YOU, KIDS, HE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT.
WISH YOU COULD HAVE SOCKED HIM.

VETS
THAT SURE SETTLES IT— SOMEBODY'S OUT TO RUIN OUR CONTRACT.


ALL THOSE "ACCIDENTS" ADD UP—SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT THE VETS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TO GET STARTED.


AT LAST, BILL DONALSON! MY FEET ARE DEAD!
HEY, BILL!
VETS


IT'S A TRAP! THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED HAS US—WE'RE DOOMED!
HAH!

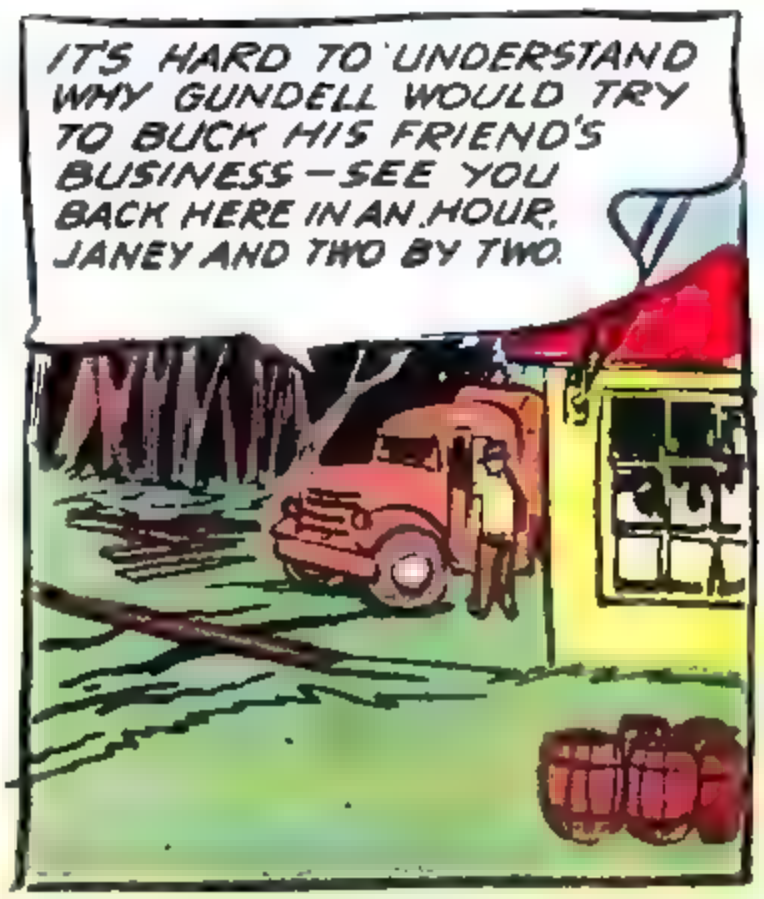

WE CAN SAVE OUR PRIVATE FIGHT FOR LATER—BILL WONDERS IF YOU FELLOWS SAW A COUPE PASS DOWN THE ROAD A WHILE AGO.

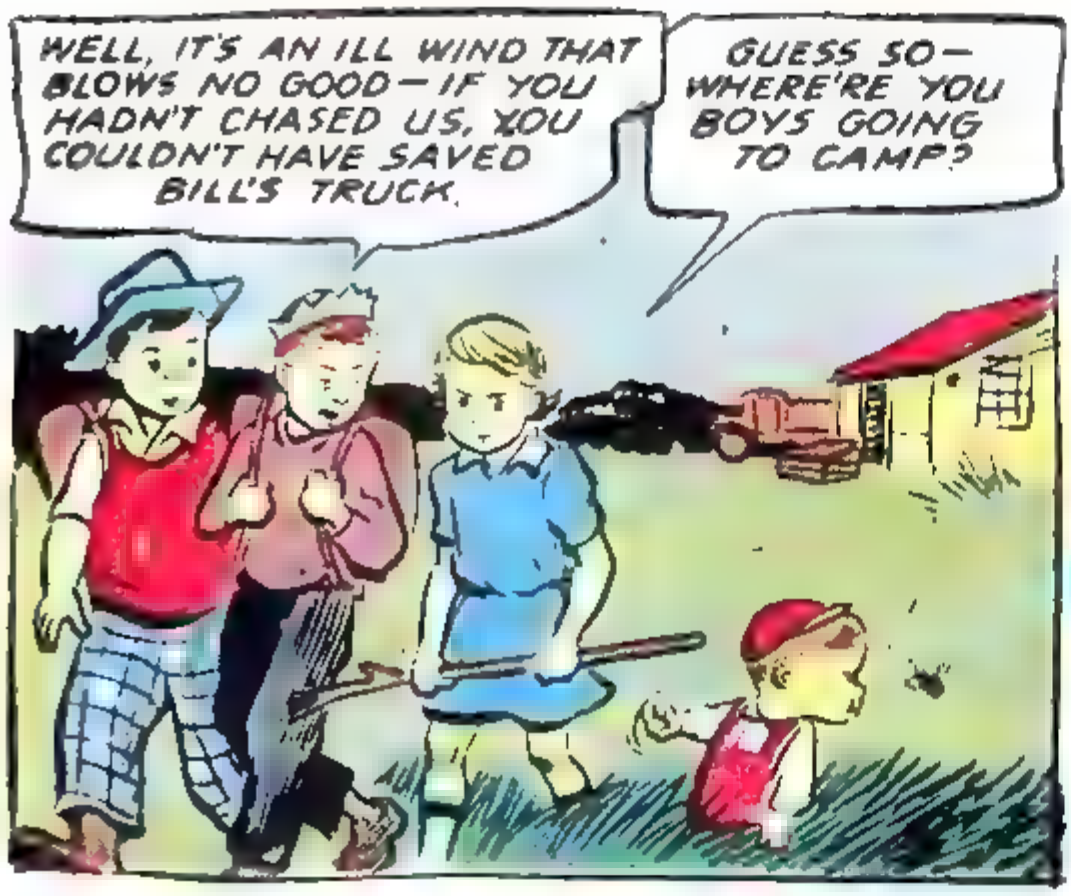
YES—ABOUT A QUARTER HOUR BACK—AND I SAW WHO WAS DRIVING IT—THAT POLITICIAN, MARK GUNDELL.

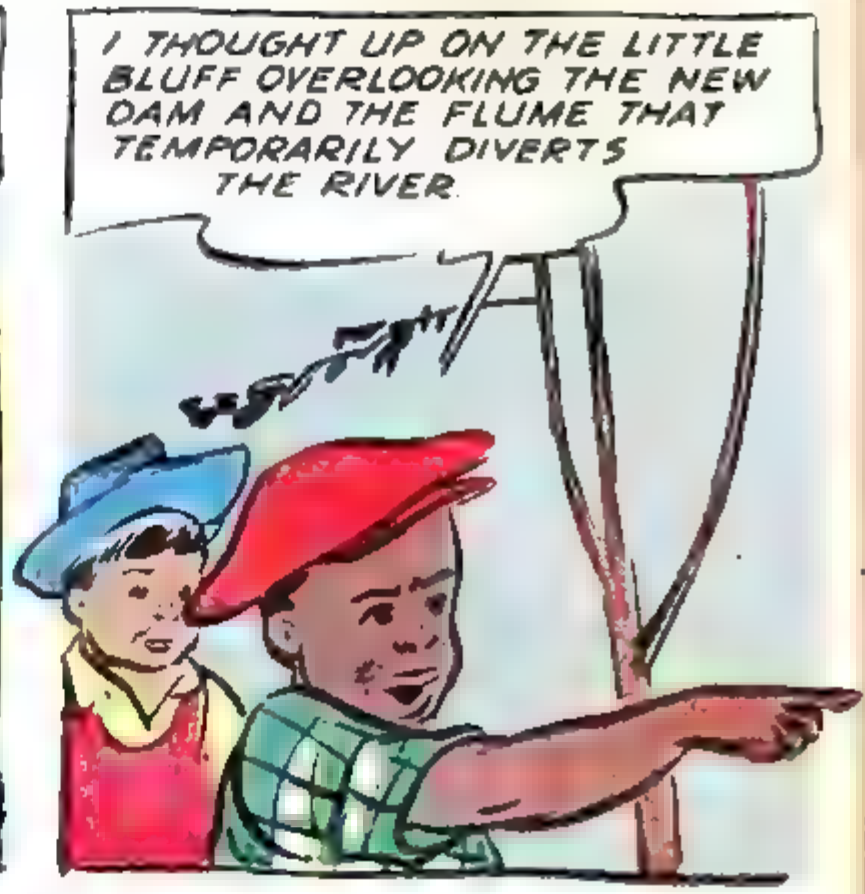
MARK GUNDELL? IT COULDN'T BE! WAS ANYONE WITH HIM?

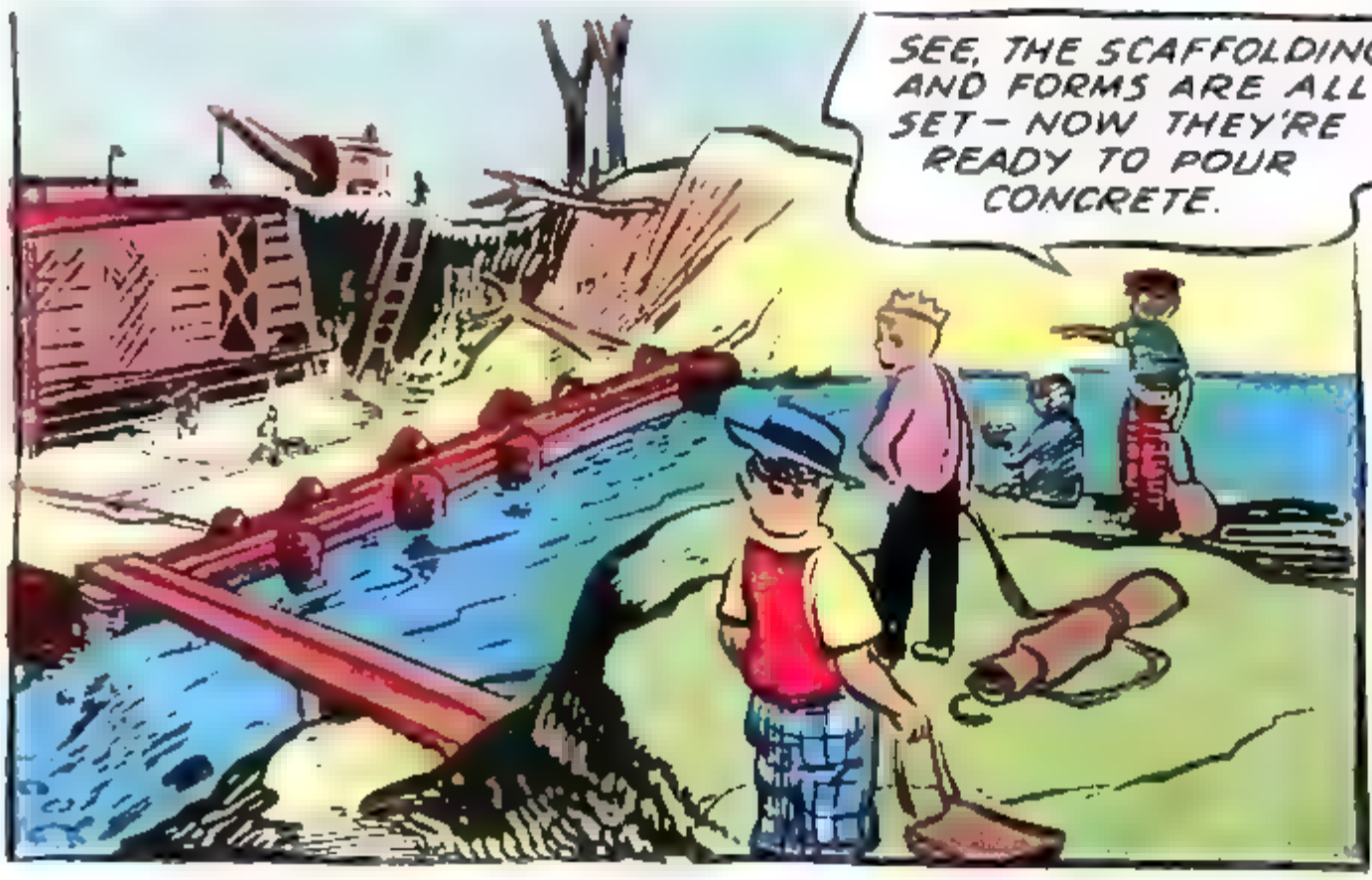
MMM—ALL I SAW WAS MR. GUNDELL.

COURSE YOU COULD HAVE MISSED SEEING THE OTHER MAN—BUT, MARK GUNDELL IS A PAL OF MR. PIERSEN, THE BANKER WHO HAS BACKED US HEAVILY.
VETS CONSTRUCTION CO
PARK PROJECT
VETS

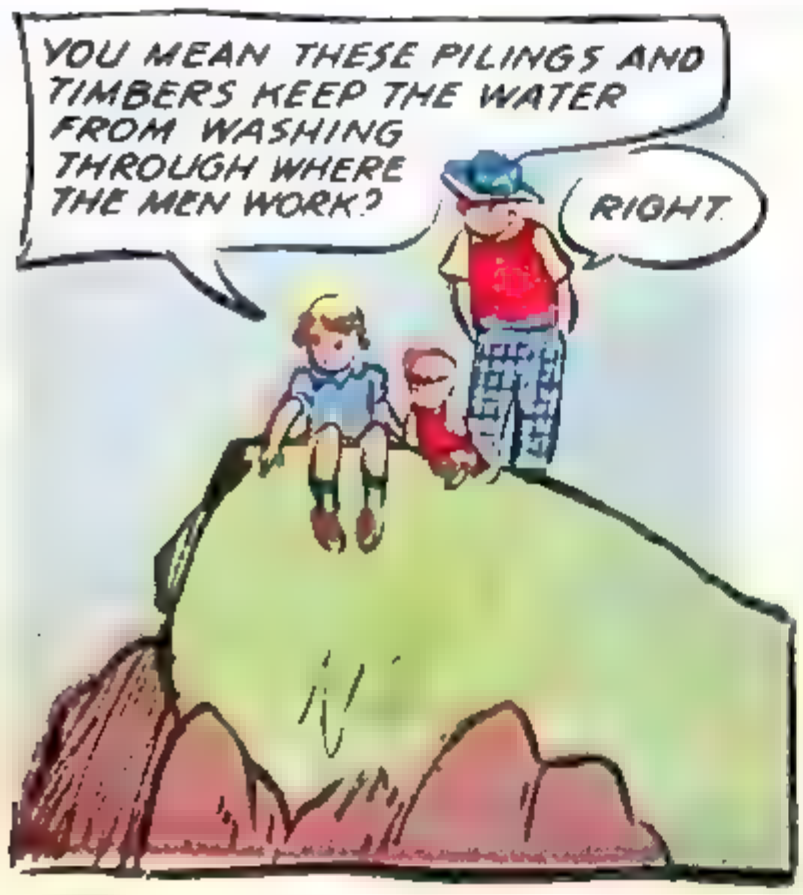

IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY GUNDELL WOULD TRY TO BUCK HIS FRIEND'S BUSINESS—SEE YOU BACK HERE IN AN HOUR, JANEY AND TWO BY TWO.


WELL, IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD—IF YOU HADN'T CHASED US, YOU COULDN'T HAVE SAVED BILL'S TRUCK.
GUESS SO—WHERE'RE YOU BOYS GOING TO CAMP?


I THOUGHT UP ON THE LITTLE BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE NEW DAM AND THE FLUME THAT TEMPORARILY DIVERTS THE RIVER.

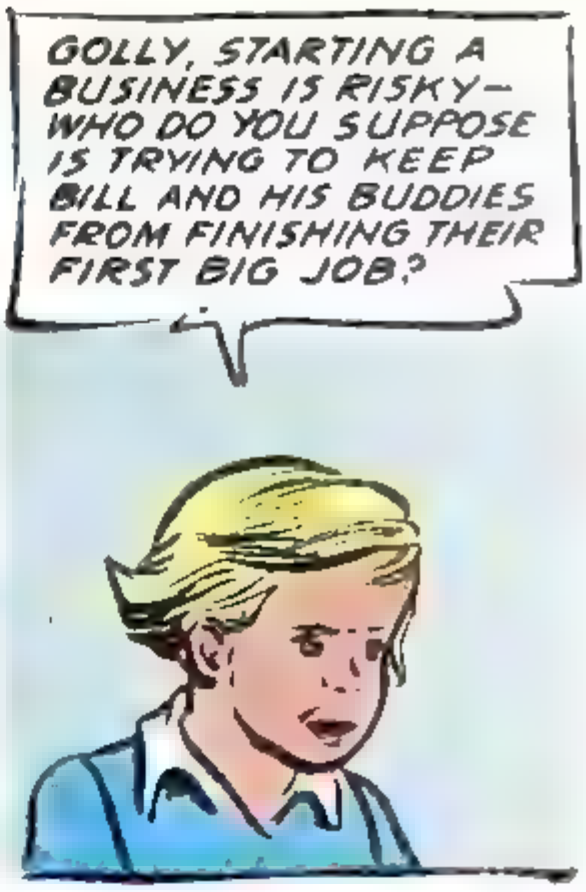

SEE, THE SCAFFOLDING AND FORMS ARE ALL SET—NOW THEY'RE READY TO POUR CONCRETE.

AND RIGHT DOWN THERE IS THE TEMPORARY SHORING AND FLUME THAT SENDS THE WATER AROUND THE CONSTRUCTION.

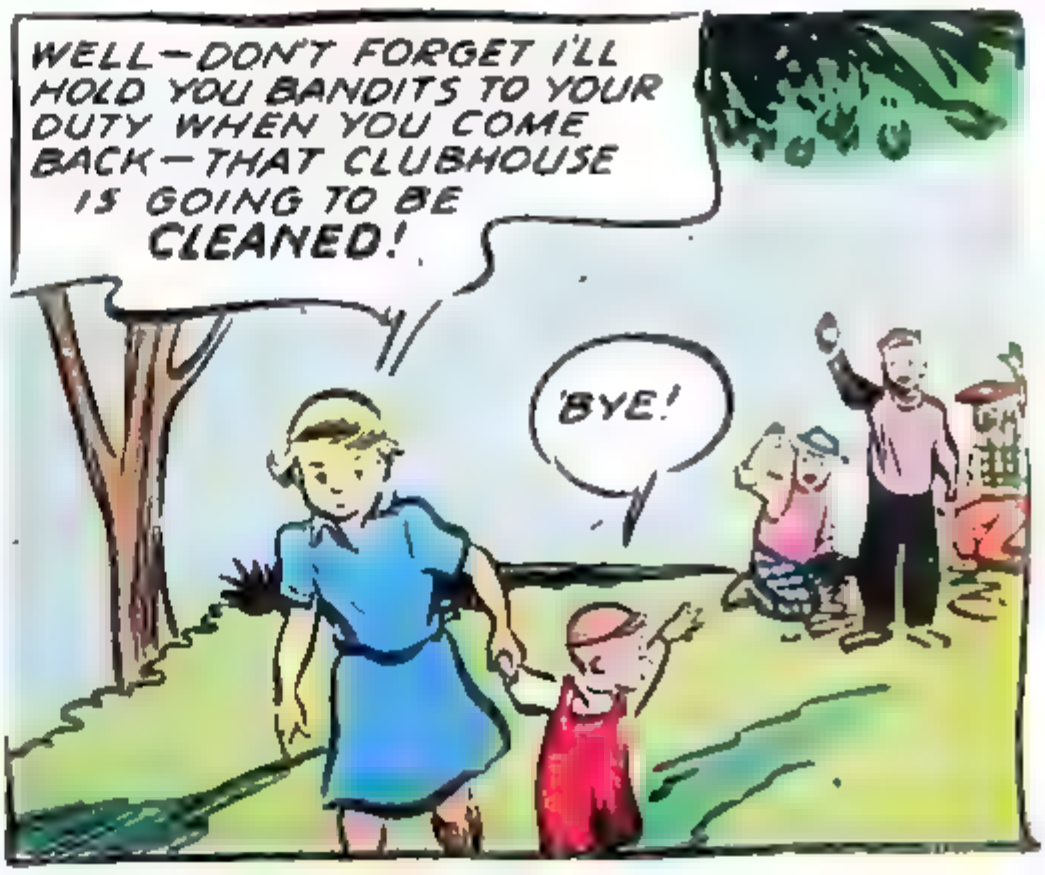

YOU MEAN THESE PILINGS AND TIMBERS KEEP THE WATER FROM WASHING THROUGH WHERE THE MEN WORK?
RIGHT.

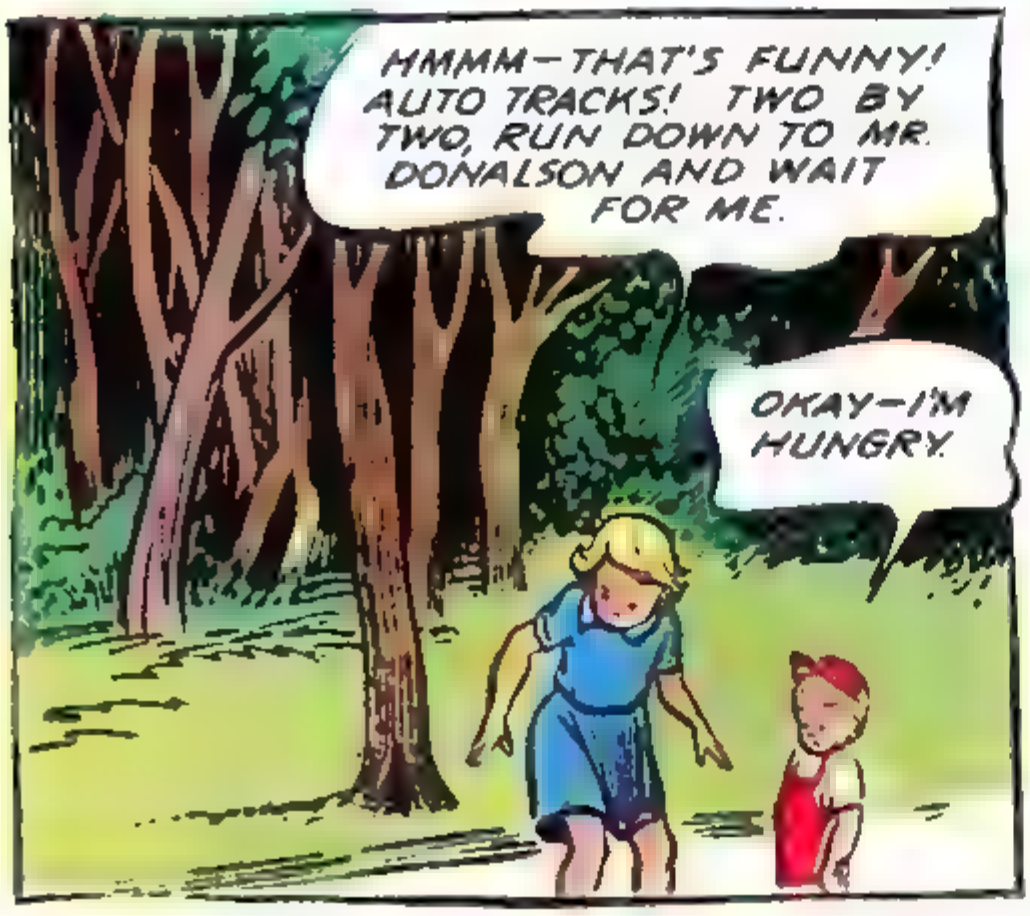
ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS—SUPPOSE THE PILINGS GIVE WAY?
THEY SHOULDN'T—BUT IT WOULD BE MORE DAMAGING THAN DANGEROUS.

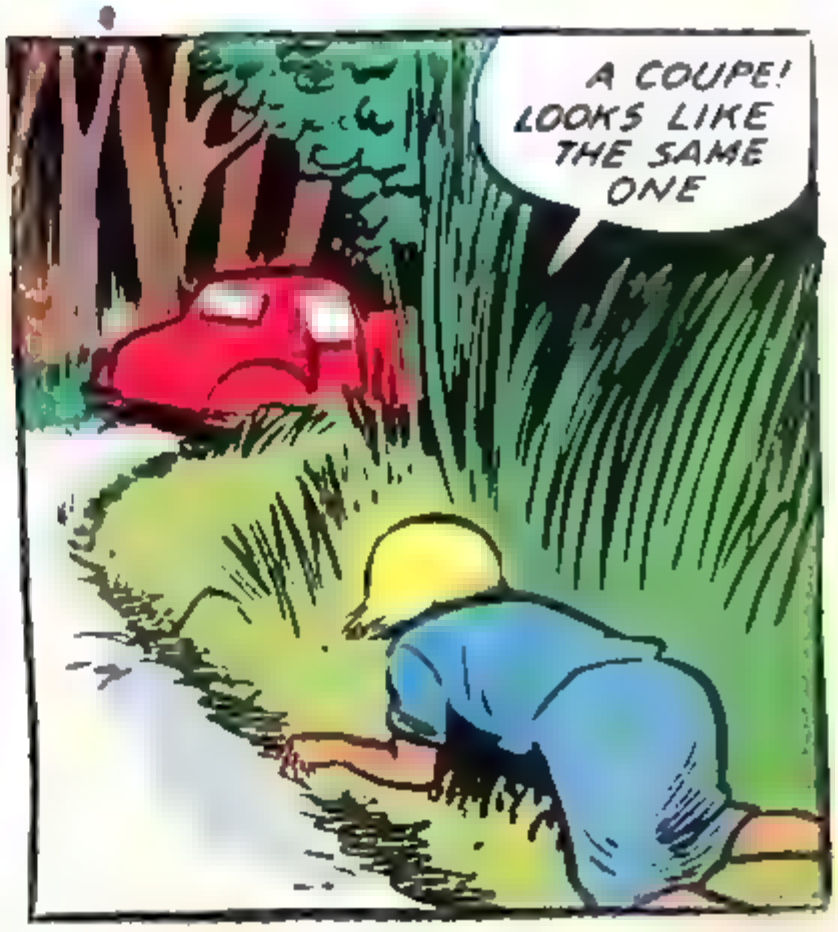
THE MEN COULD CLEAR OUT WITHOUT BEING HURT, BUT THE WATER WOULD SOFTEN THE FOUNDATION AND RIP OUT ABOUT THREE WEEKS' WORK
RIGHT NOW, THAT WOULD RUIN THE VETS' COMPANY.


GOLLY, STARTING A BUSINESS IS RISKY— WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS TRYING TO KEEP BILL AND HIS BUDDIES FROM FINISHING THEIR FIRST BIG JOB?

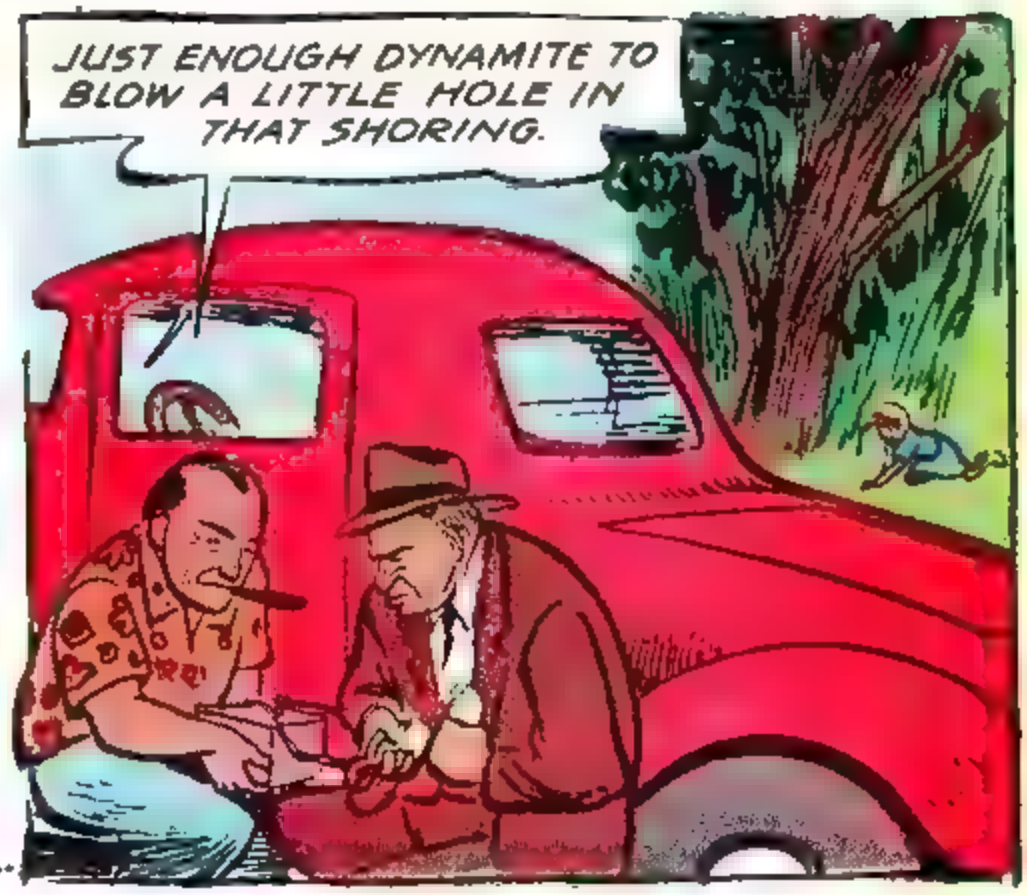
WHO KNOWS? IT COULD BE ANYBODY—OLD ENEMIES—CRANKS—A RIVAL CONSTRUCTION OUTFIT THAT PLAYS DIRTY—ANYTHING!


WELL—DON'T FORGET I'LL HOLD YOU BANDITS TO YOUR DUTY WHEN YOU COME BACK—THAT CLUBHOUSE IS GOING TO BE CLEANED!
BYE!


HMMM—THAT'S FUNNY! AUTO TRACKS! TWO BY TWO, RUN DOWN TO MR. DONALSON AND WAIT FOR ME.
OKAY—I'M HUNGRY.

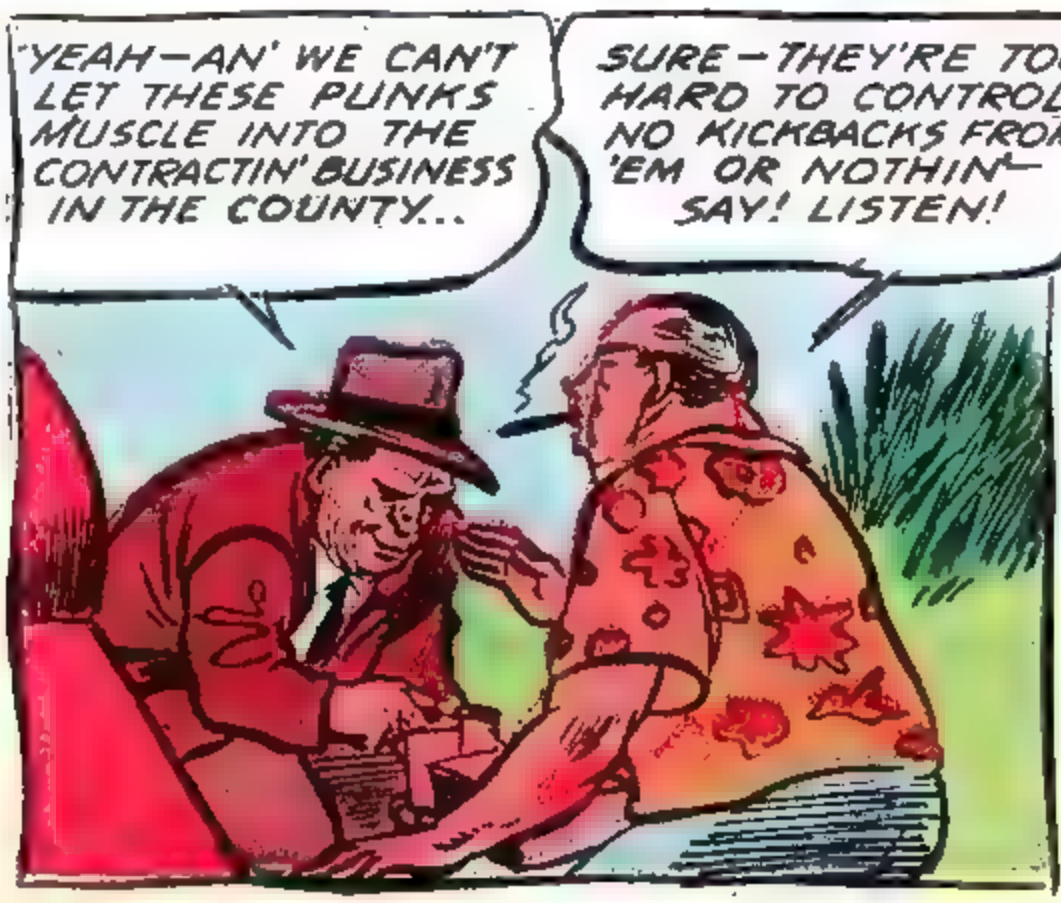

A COUPE! LOOKS LIKE THE SAME ONE

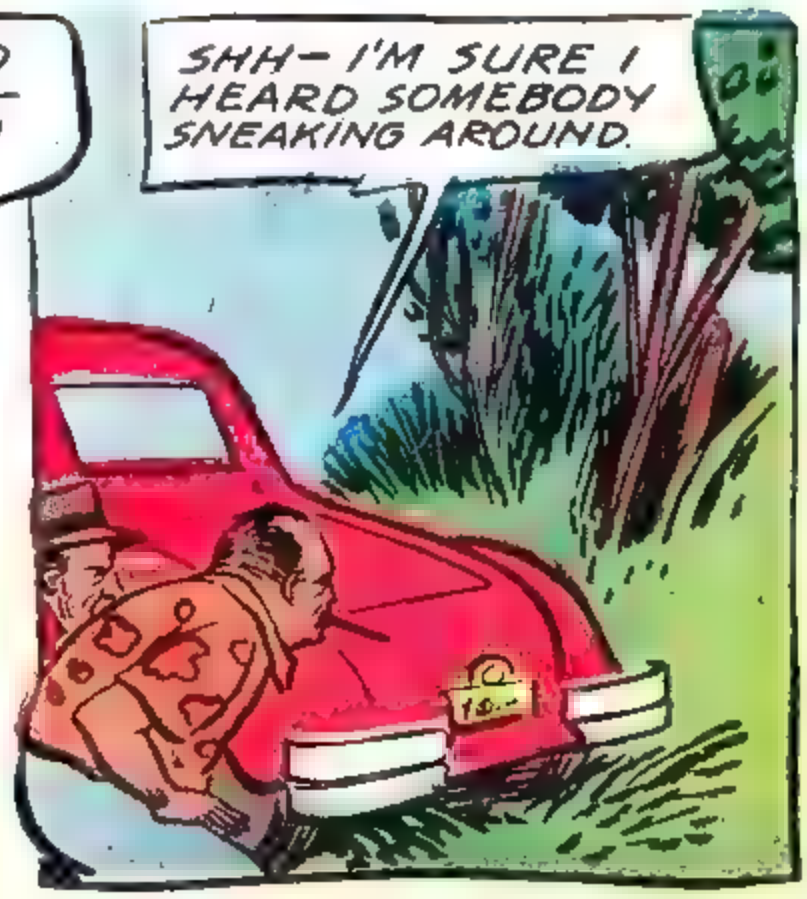
IF I COULD JUST CREEP CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THE LICENSE PLATE—AND SEE IF ANYONE IS INSIDE.

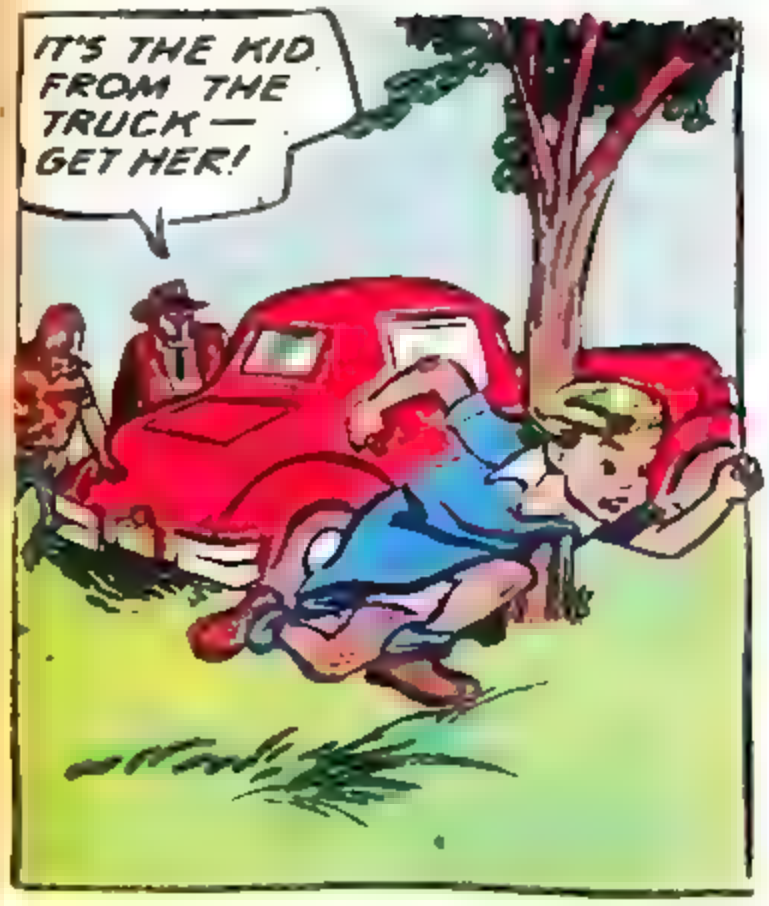

JUST ENOUGH DYNAMITE TO BLOW A LITTLE HOLE IN THAT SHORING.

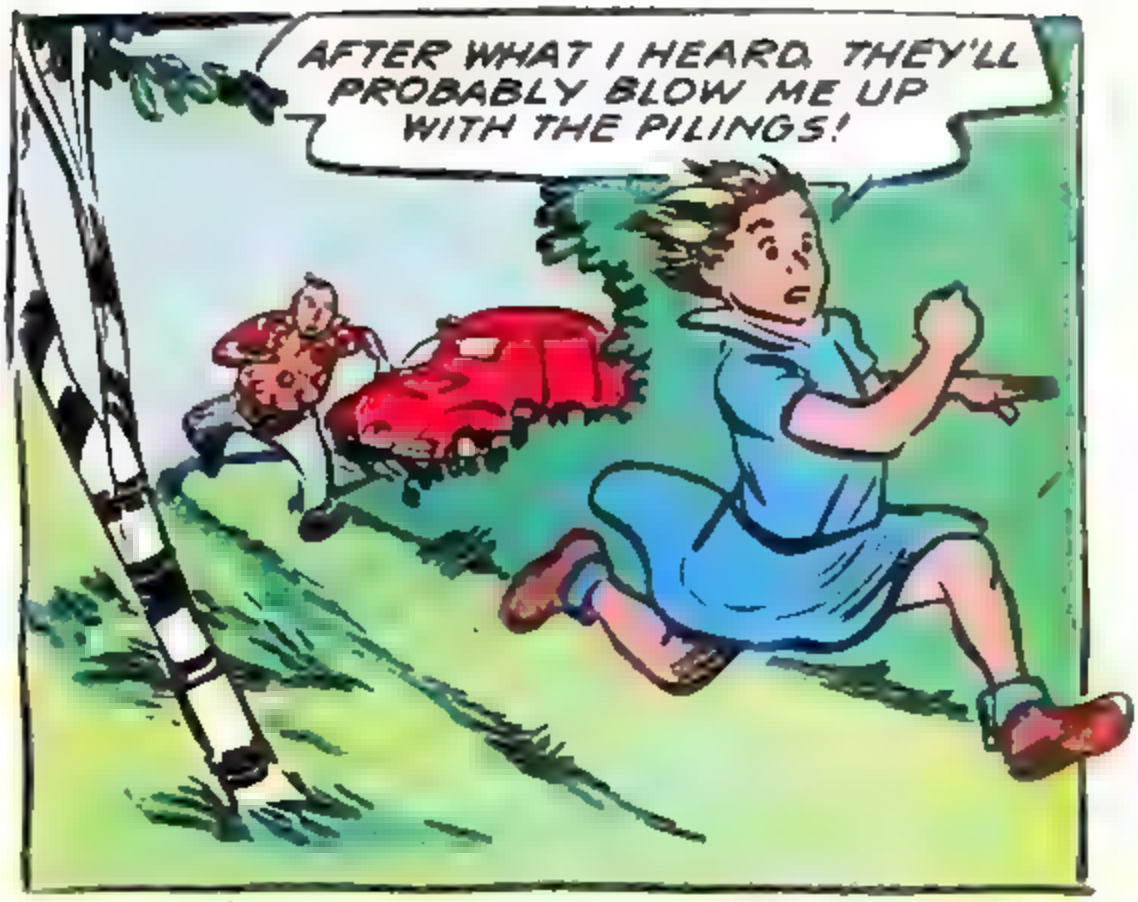
I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS JOB PERSONALLY IF I COULD TRUST ANYBODY TO DO IT RIGHT.
IT'LL BE WORTH IT, MARK. IF YA KIN FORCE PIERSEN TO FORECLOSE ON THESE MUGS, YOU'LL PICK UP THE JOB AN' THEIR EQUIPMENT FER A SONG.

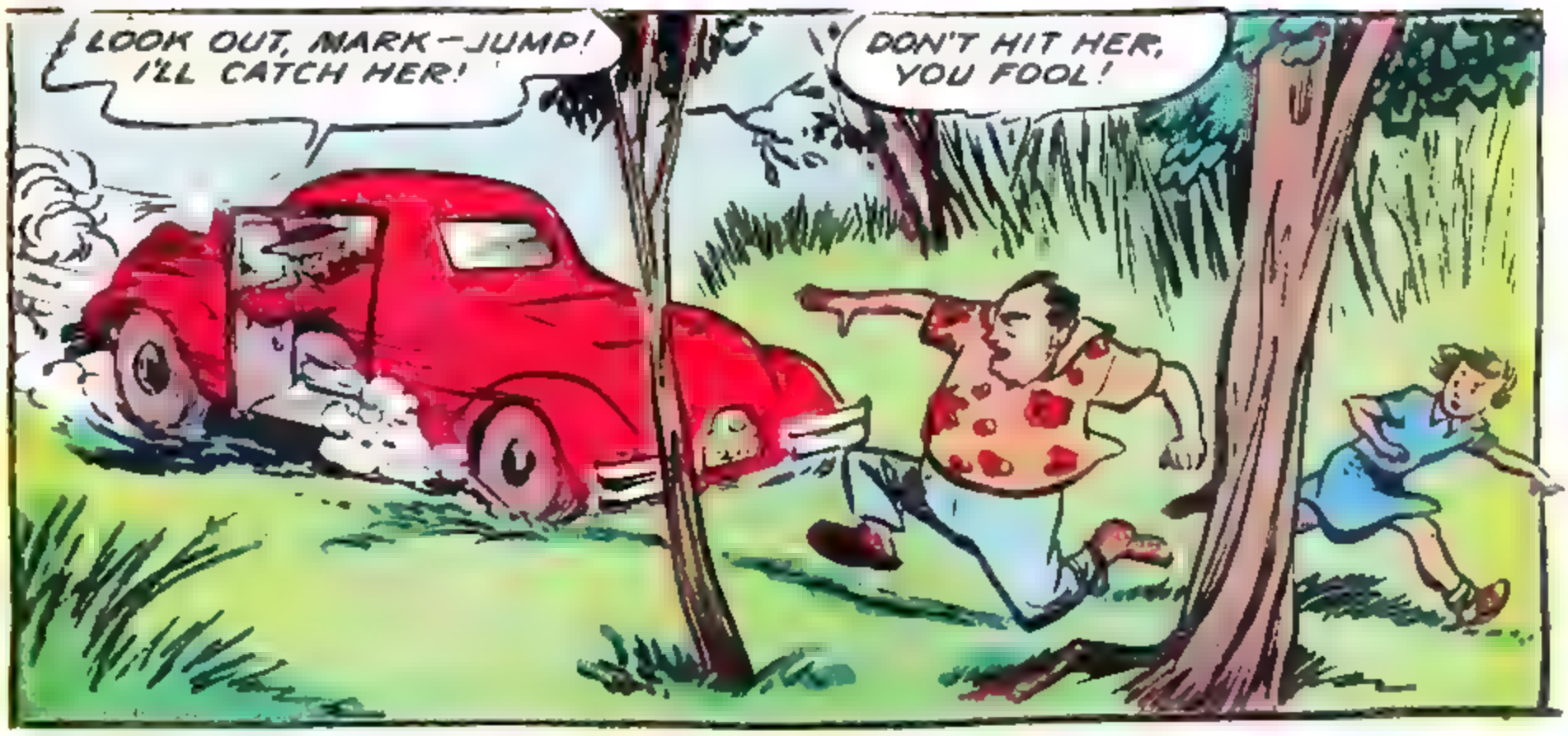
RIGHT, JUG! OLD MAN PIERSEN WILL ACCEPT MY NOTE FOR NINETY DAYS, AND BY THAT TIME I'LL HAVE CLEANED UP.

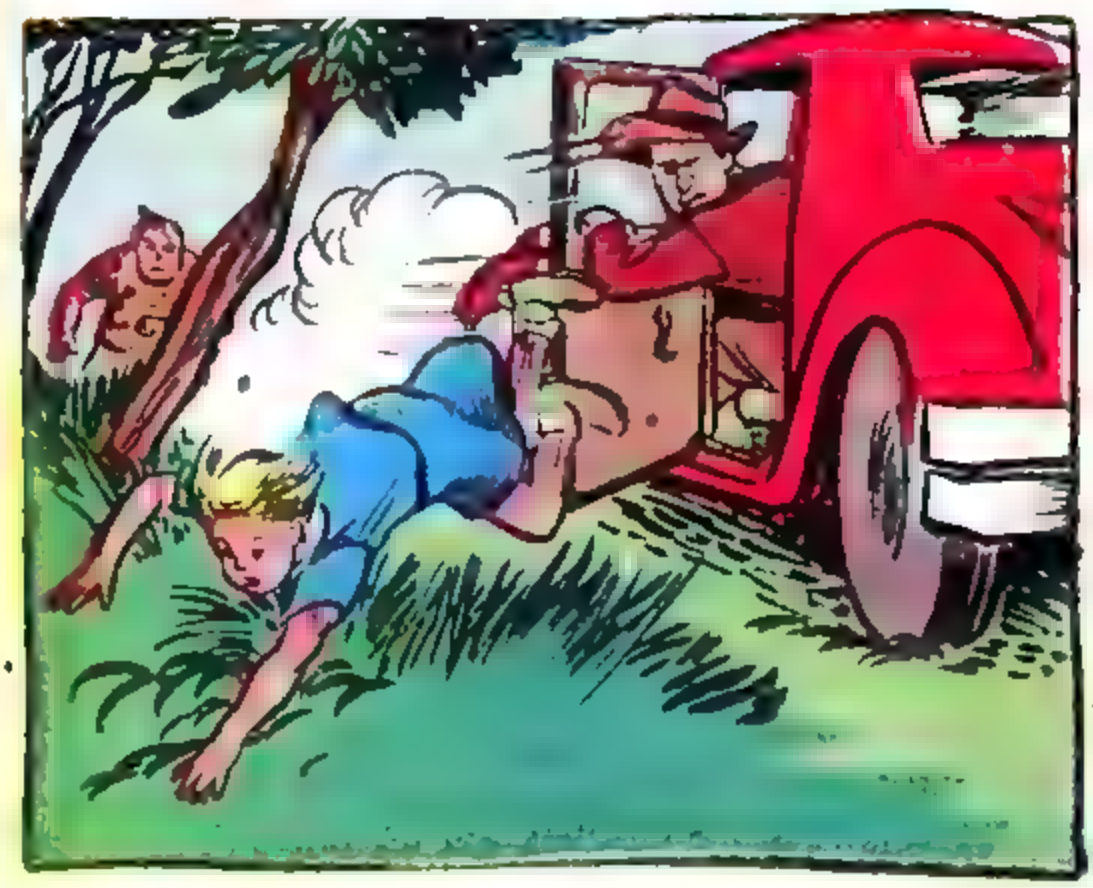

YEAH—AN' WE CAN'T LET THESE PUNKS MUSCLE INTO THE CONTRACTIN' BUSINESS IN THE COUNTY...
SURE—THEY'RE TOO HARD TO CONTROL—NO KICKBACKS FROM 'EM OR NOTHIN'—SAY! LISTEN!

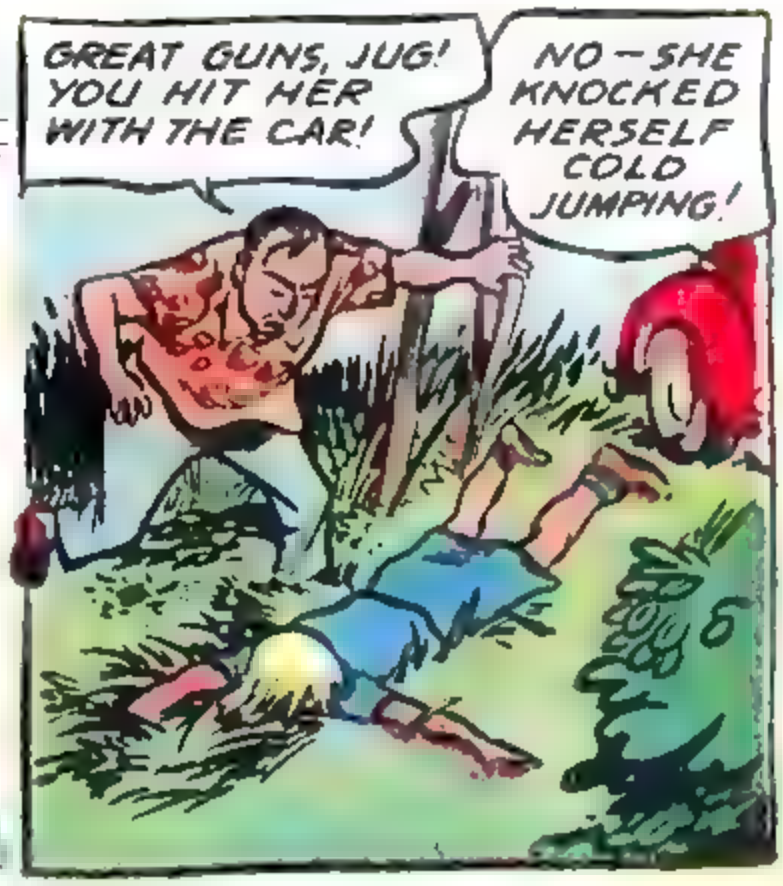

SHH—I'M SURE I HEARD SOMEBODY SNEAKING AROUND.

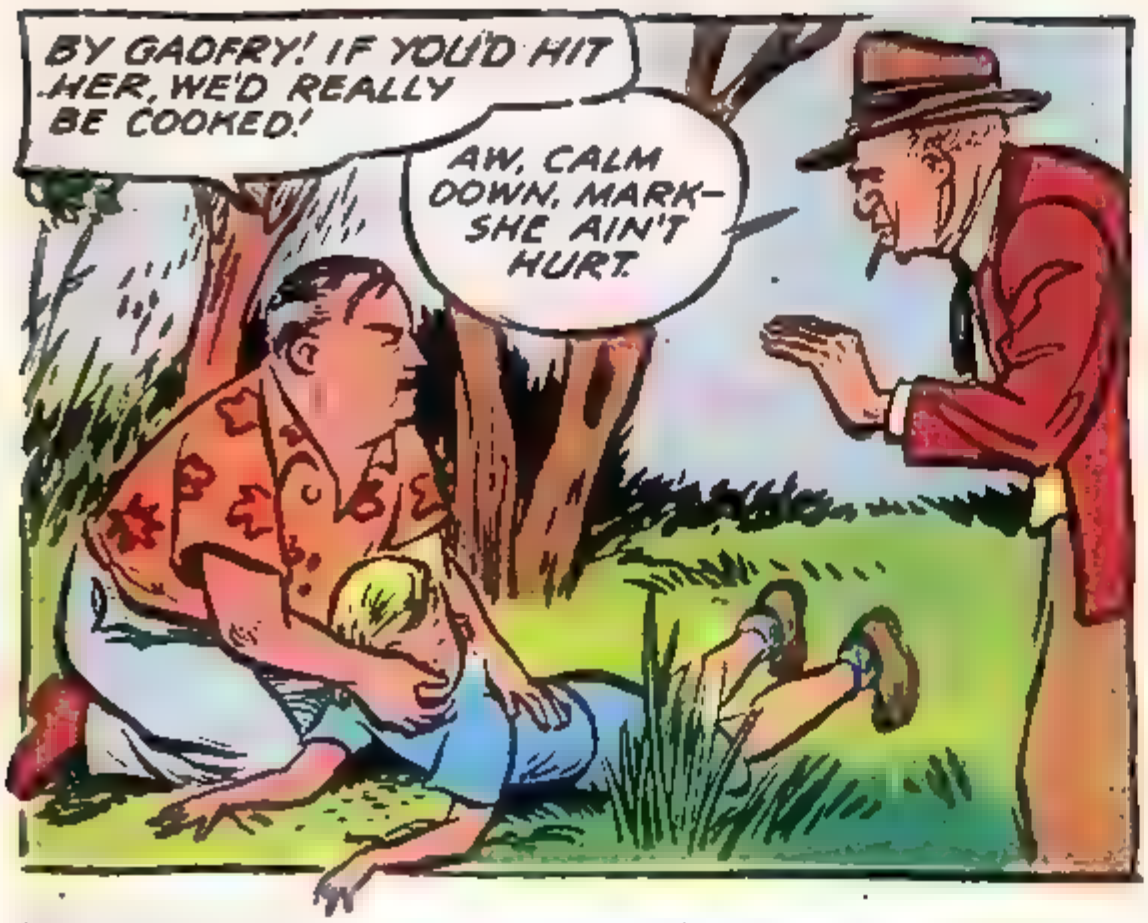

IT'S THE KID FROM THE TRUCK — GET HER!

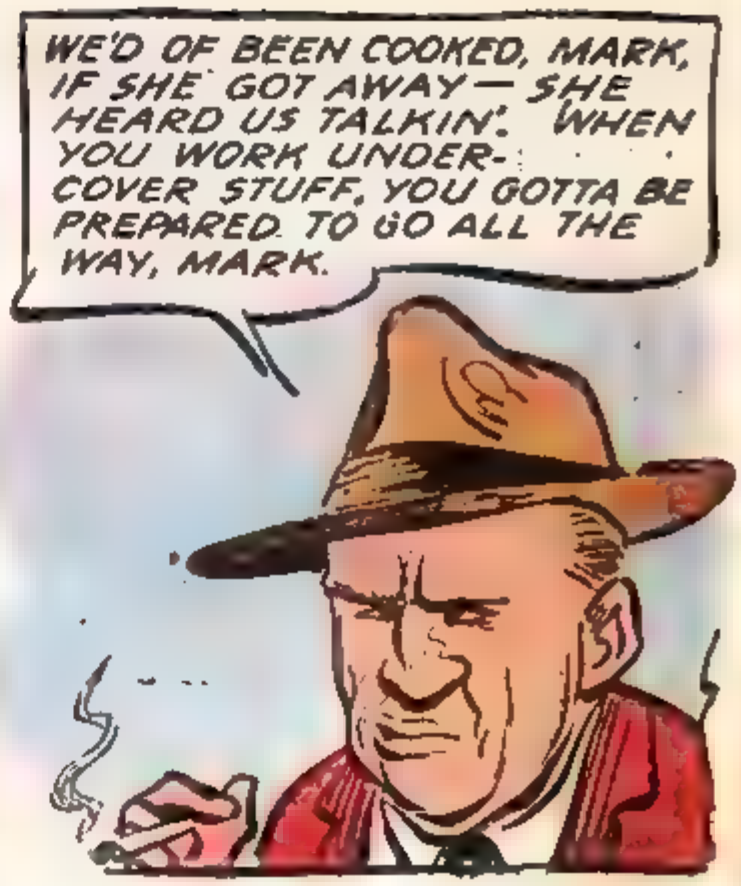

AFTER WHAT I HEARD, THEY'LL PROBABLY BLOW ME UP WITH THE PILINGS!

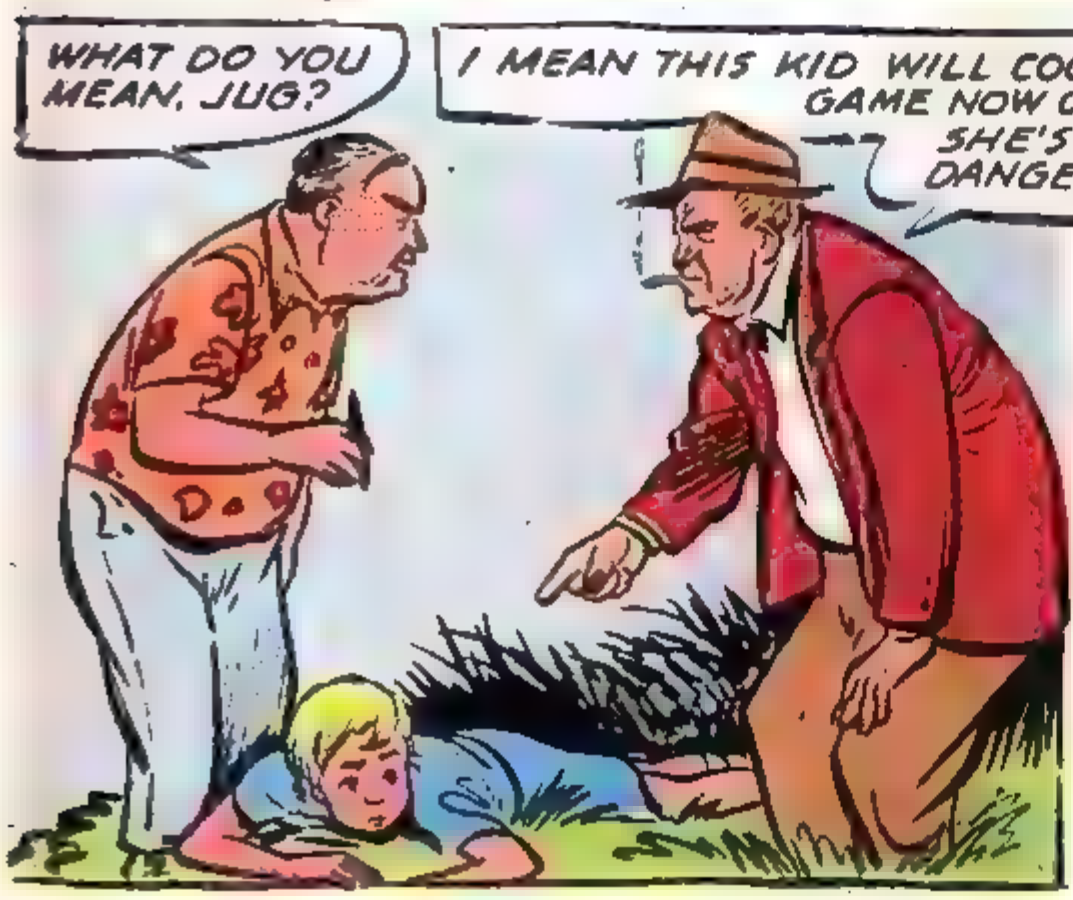

LOOK OUT, MARK—JUMP! I'LL CATCH HER!
DON'T HIT HER, YOU FOOL!

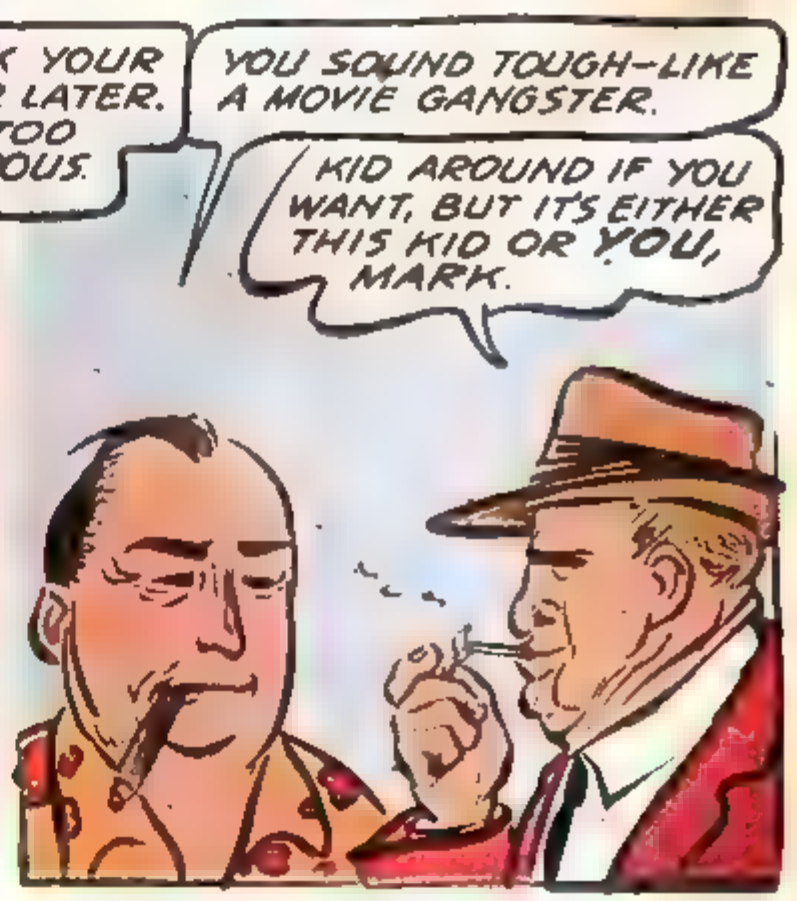



GREAT GUNS, JUG! YOU HIT HER WITH THE CAR!
NO—SHE KNOCKED HERSELF COLD JUMPING!

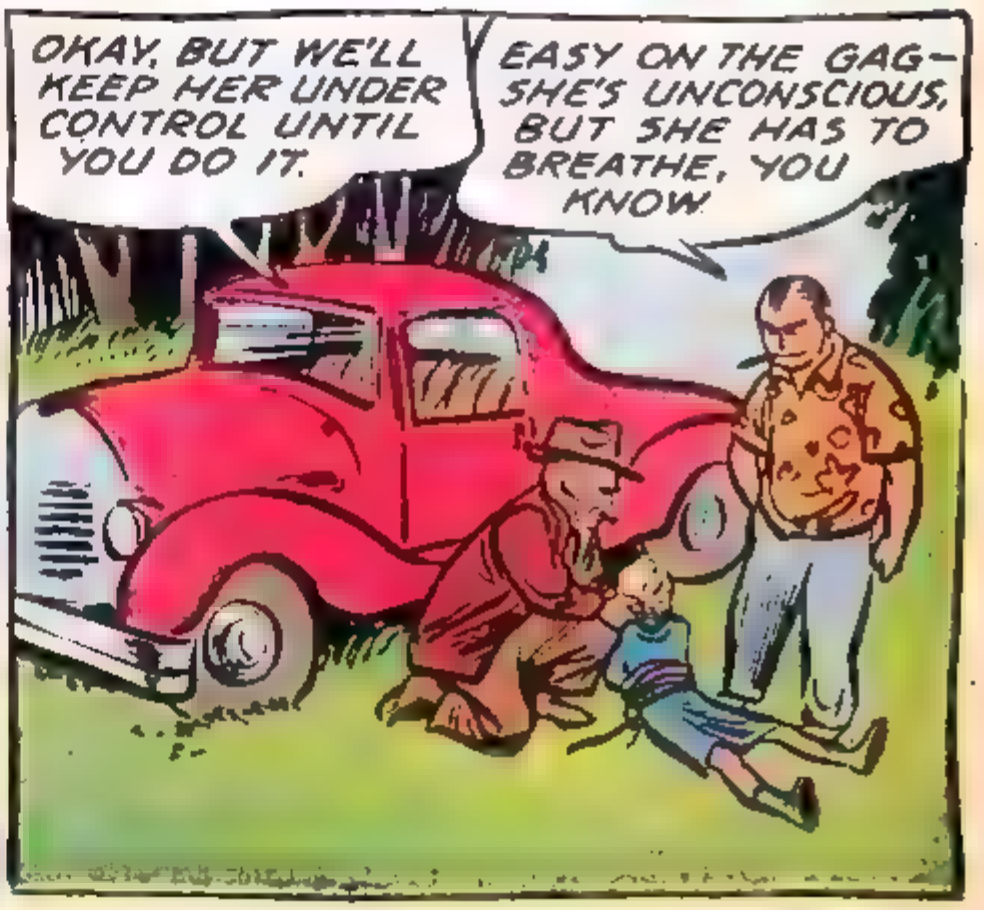

BY GADFRY! IF YOU'D HIT HER, WE'D REALLY BE COOKED!
AW, CALM DOWN, MARK— SHE AIN'T HURT.


WE'D OF BEEN COOKED, MARK, IF SHE GOT AWAY— SHE HEARD US TALKIN'. WHEN YOU WORK UNDER-COVER STUFF, YOU GOTTA BE PREPARED TO GO ALL THE WAY, MARK.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JUG?
I MEAN THIS KID WILL COOK YOUR GAME NOW OR LATER. SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS.

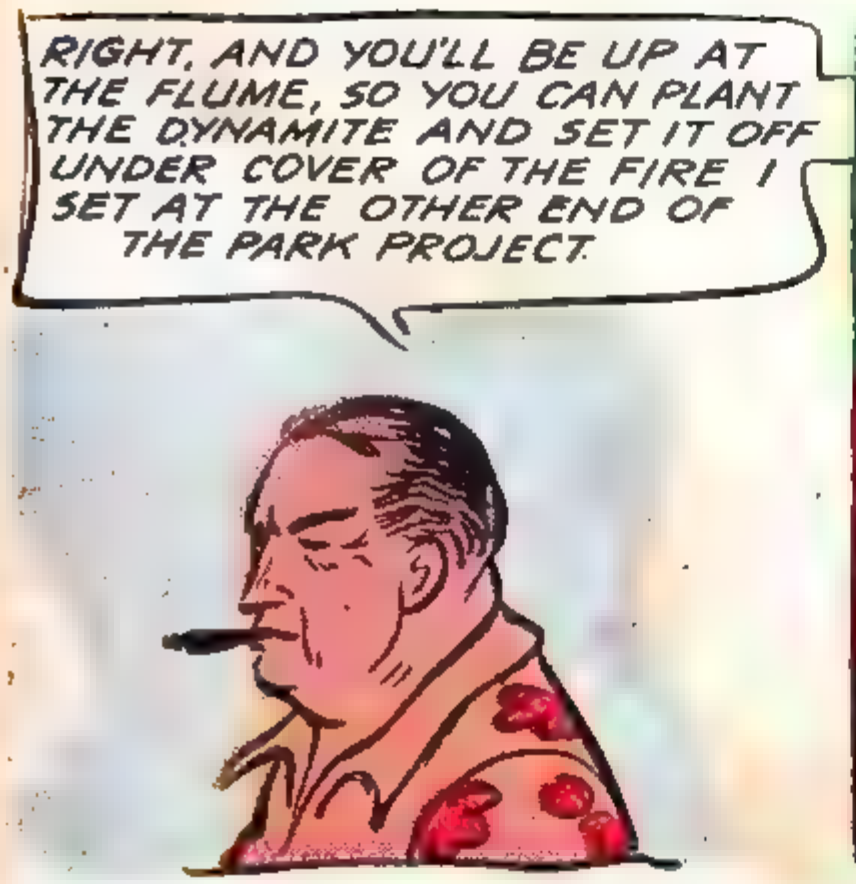

YOU SOUND TOUGH—LIKE A MOVIE GANGSTER.
KID AROUND IF YOU WANT, BUT IT'S EITHER THIS KID OR YOU, MARK.

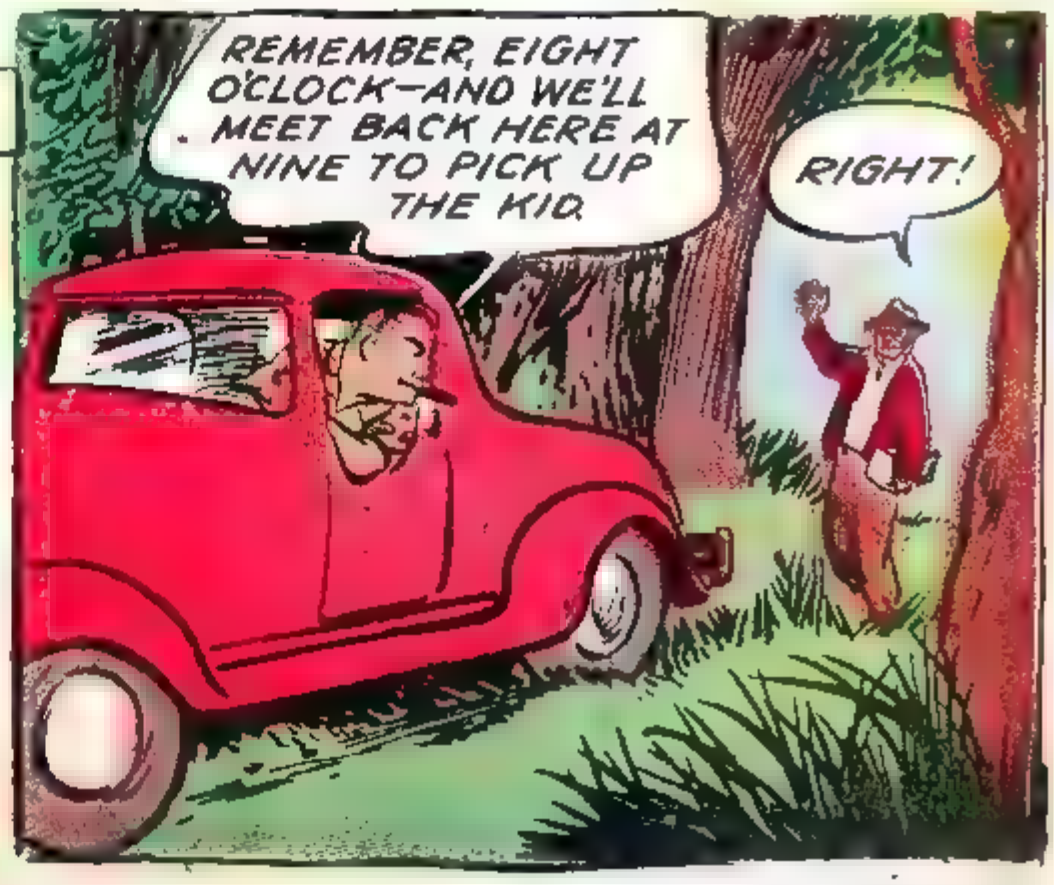
YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO TOO MANY RADIO MYSTERIES—YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL PEOPLE TO KEEP 'EM QUIET... I CAN PUT PRESSURE ON HER FATHER.

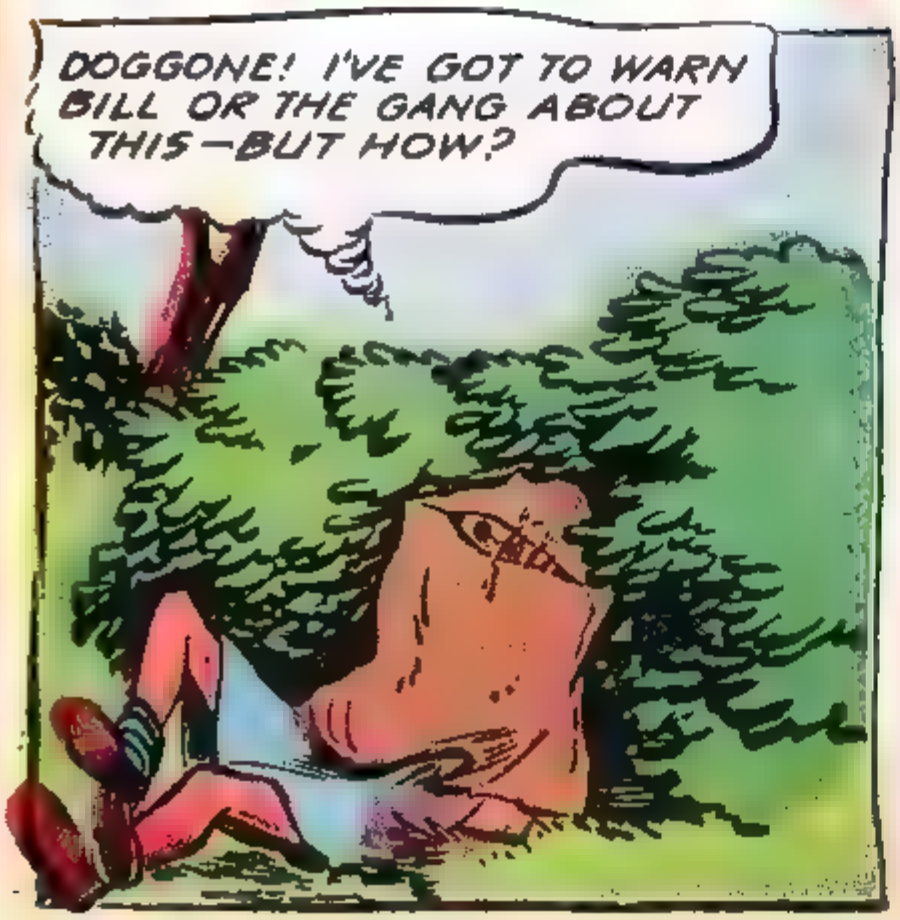

OKAY, BUT WE'LL KEEP HER UNDER CONTROL UNTIL YOU DO IT.
EASY ON THE GAG— SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BUT SHE HAS TO BREATHE, YOU KNOW.

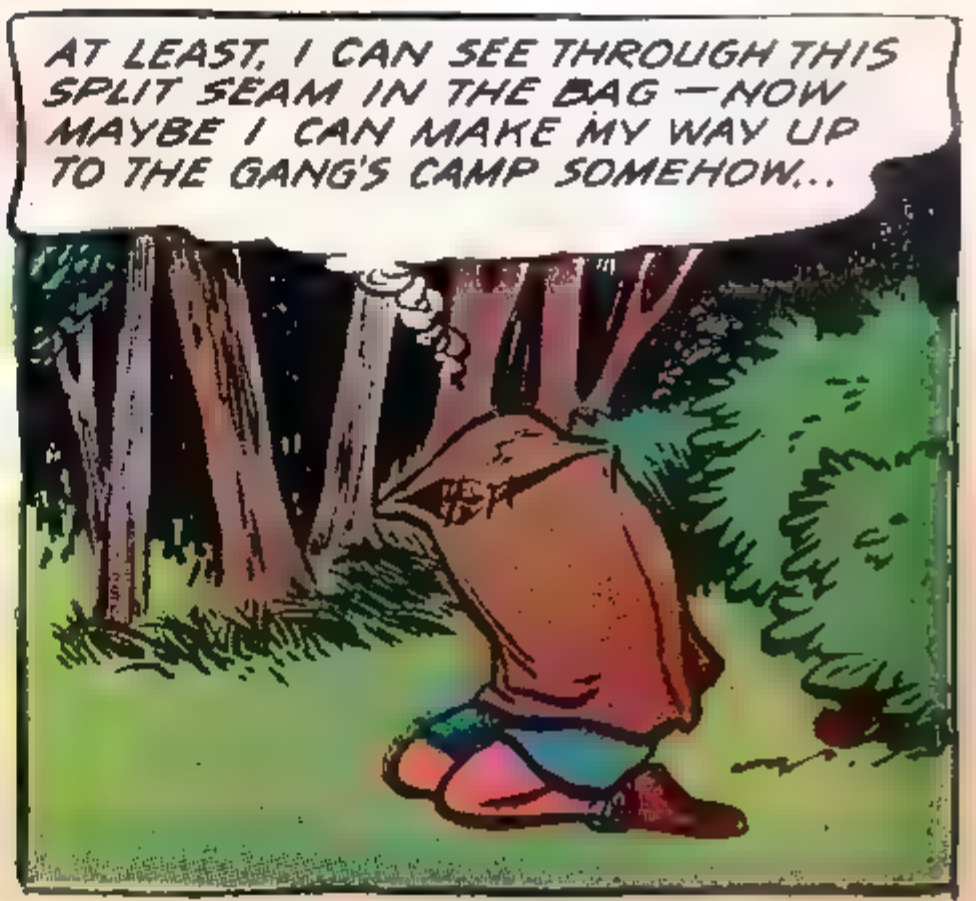
WE CAN SLIP THIS SACK OVER HER HEAD AND LEAVE HER IN THE BRUSH.
YES—WE'LL BE BACK, AND WE CAN'T CART HER AROUND IN THE CAR.

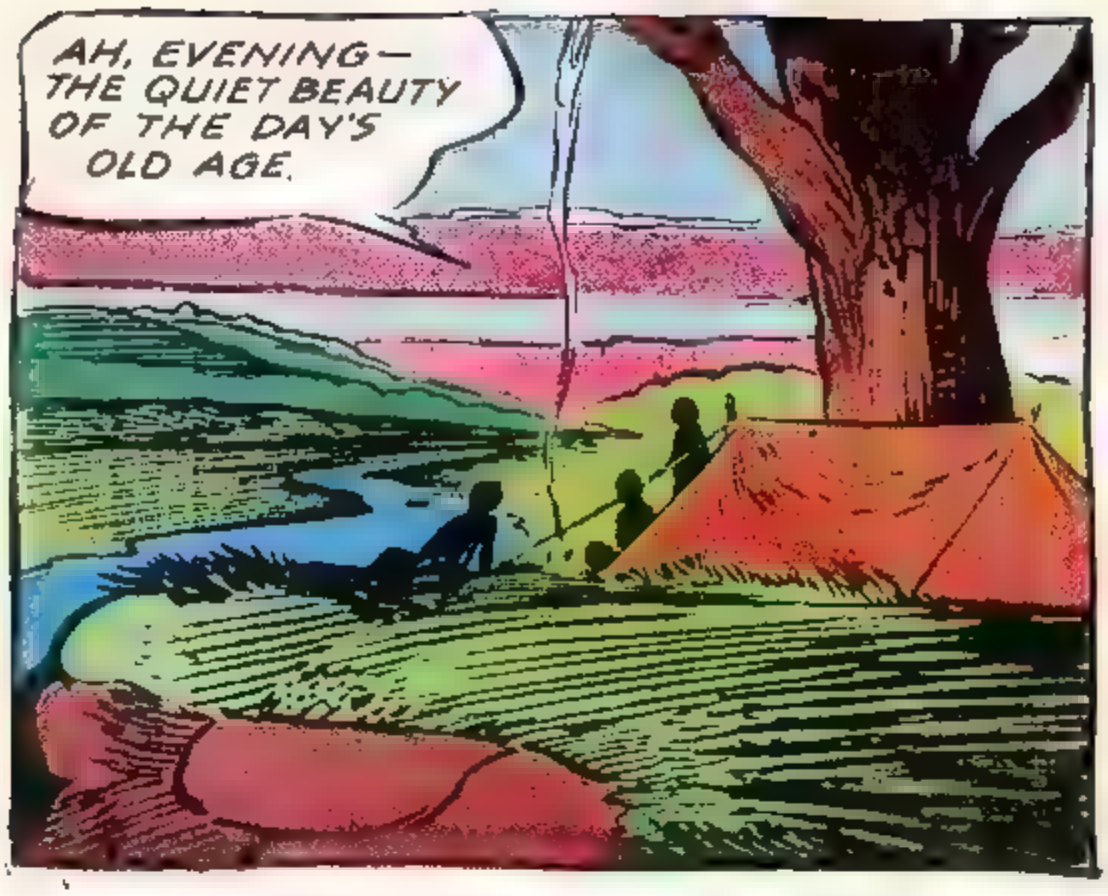
IT'LL BE DARK SOON—AT EIGHT P.M. THEN YOU'LL ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE PROJECT WATCHMAN.


RIGHT, AND YOU'LL BE UP AT THE FLUME, SO YOU CAN PLANT THE DYNAMITE AND SET IT OFF UNDER COVER OF THE FIRE I SET AT THE OTHER END OF THE PARK PROJECT.

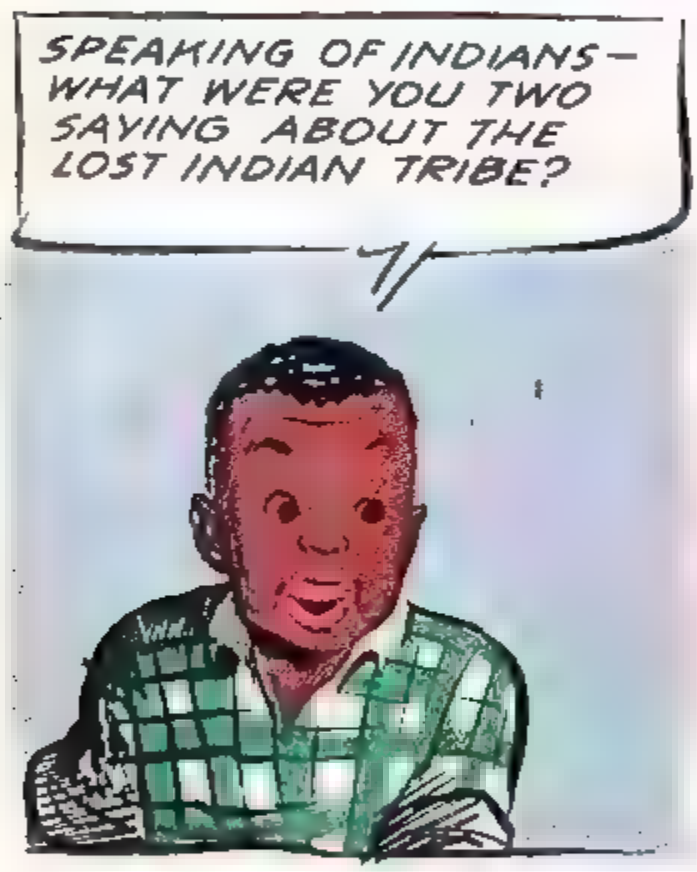

REMEMBER, EIGHT O'CLOCK—AND WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT NINE TO PICK UP THE KID.
RIGHT!

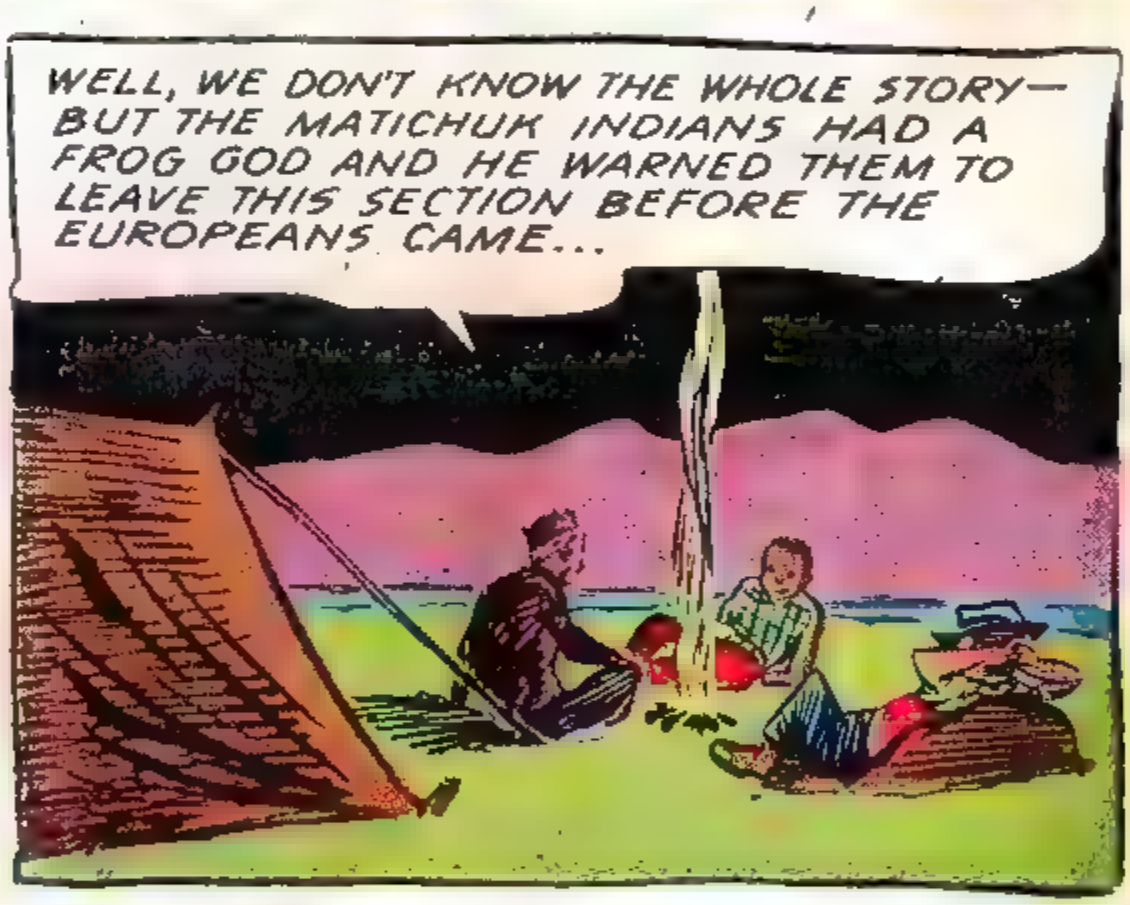

DOGGONE! I'VE GOT TO WARN BILL OR THE GANG ABOUT THIS—BUT HOW?

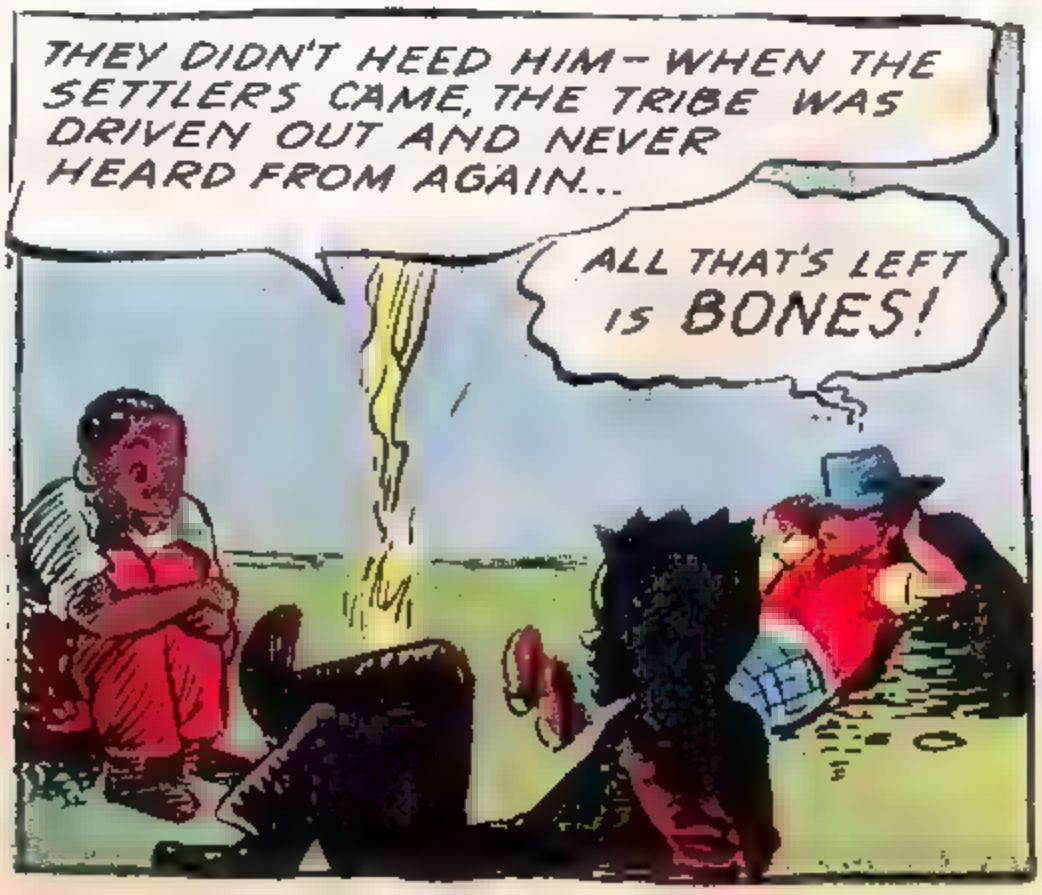

AT LEAST, I CAN SEE THROUGH THIS SPLIT SEAM IN THE BAG—NOW MAYBE I CAN MAKE MY WAY UP TO THE GANG'S CAMP SOMEHOW...


AH, EVENING— THE QUIET BEAUTY OF THE DAY'S OLD AGE.

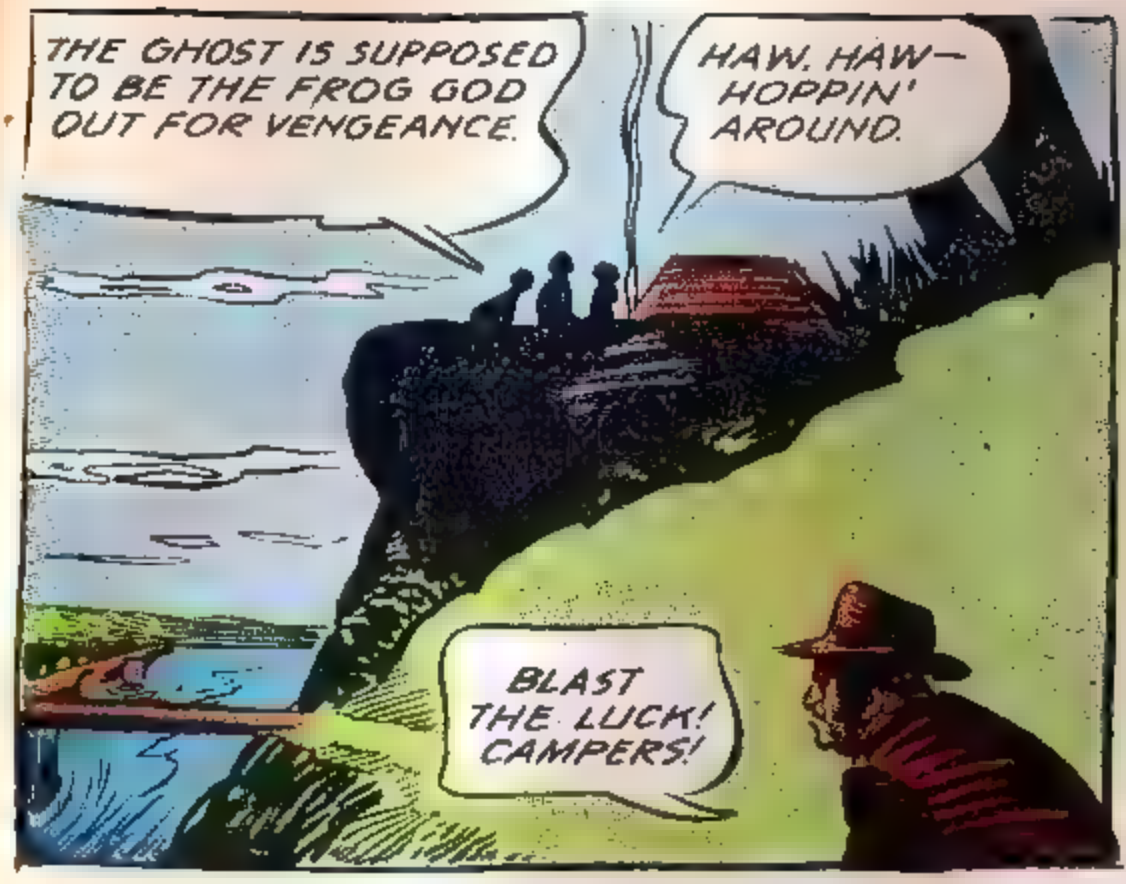
A FREE HAND POET!
SURE—WANT TO HEAR THE FIRST 16 VERSES OF HIAWATHA?


SPEAKING OF INDIANS— WHAT WERE YOU TWO SAYING ABOUT THE LOST INDIAN TRIBE?


WELL, WE DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY— BUT THE MATICHUK INDIANS HAD A FROG GOD AND HE WARNED THEM TO LEAVE THIS SECTION BEFORE THE EUROPEANS CAME...


THEY DIDN'T HEED HIM—WHEN THE SETTLERS CAME, THE TRIBE WAS DRIVEN OUT AND NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN...
ALL THAT'S LEFT IS BONES!

OH, THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S WHY THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A FROG GHOST UP HERE THAT HOPS AROUND— HAW, HAW, HAW!
YEAH— HO, HO, HO!

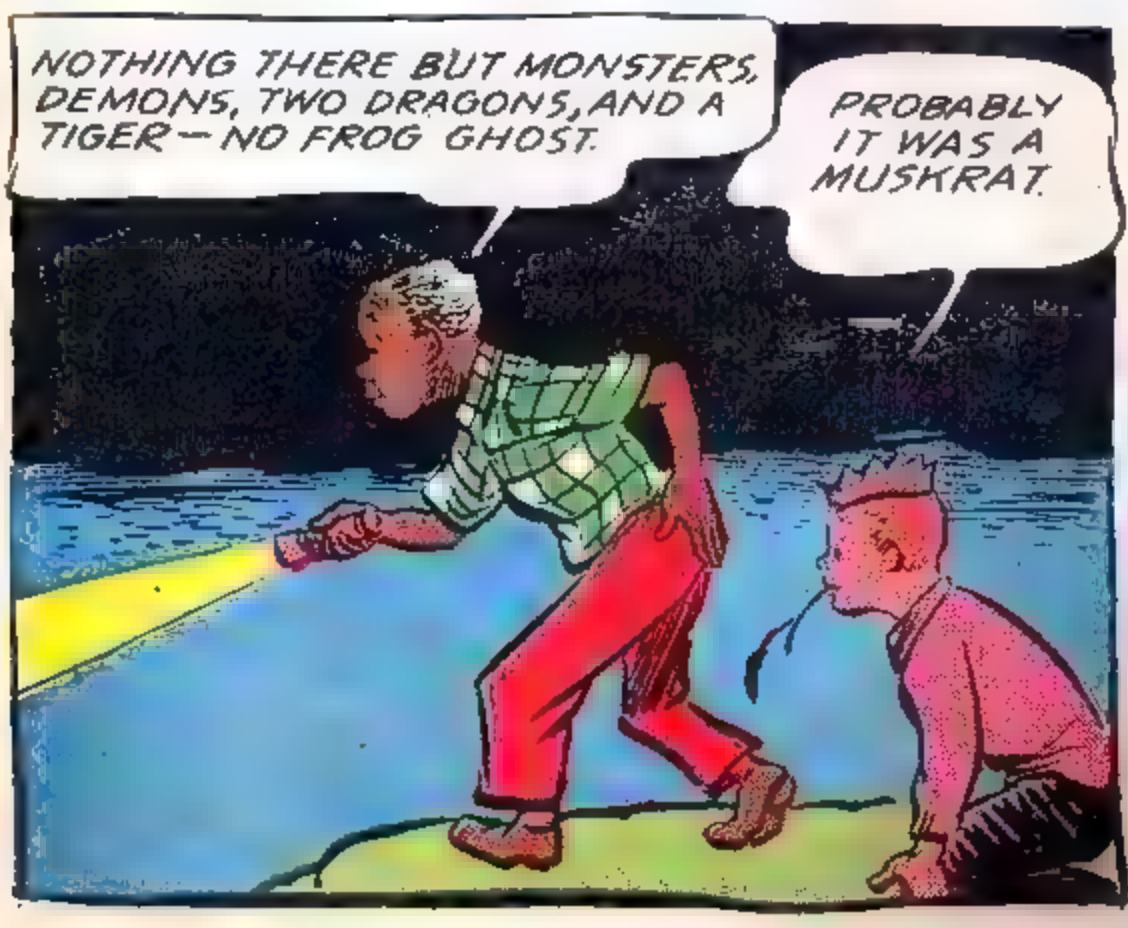

THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE FROG GOD OUT FOR VENGEANCE.
HAW. HAW— HOPPIN' AROUND.
BLAST THE LUCK! CAMPERS!

HO, HO!
GHOSTS DON'T HOP.
HAVE TO SNEAK ACROSS THIS FOOTBRIDGE...

DRAT THESE LOOSE STONES!

THEY'LL HEAR ME FOR SURE!
SPLOP
SPLASH

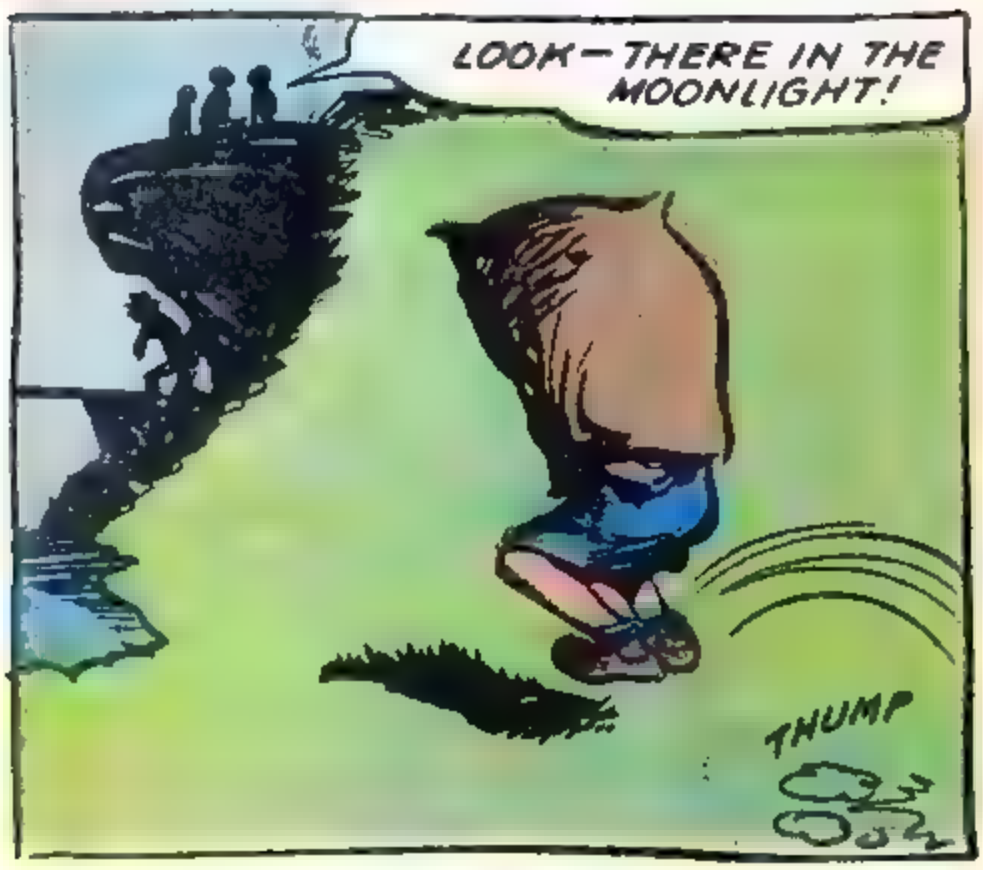
ANYBODY KNOWS GHOSTS DON'T HOP—THEY SLITHER.
PSSST— WHAT'S THAT DOWN AT THE WATER?


NOTHING THERE BUT MONSTERS, DEMONS, TWO DRAGONS, AND A TIGER—NO FROG GHOST.
PROBABLY IT WAS A MUSKRAT.

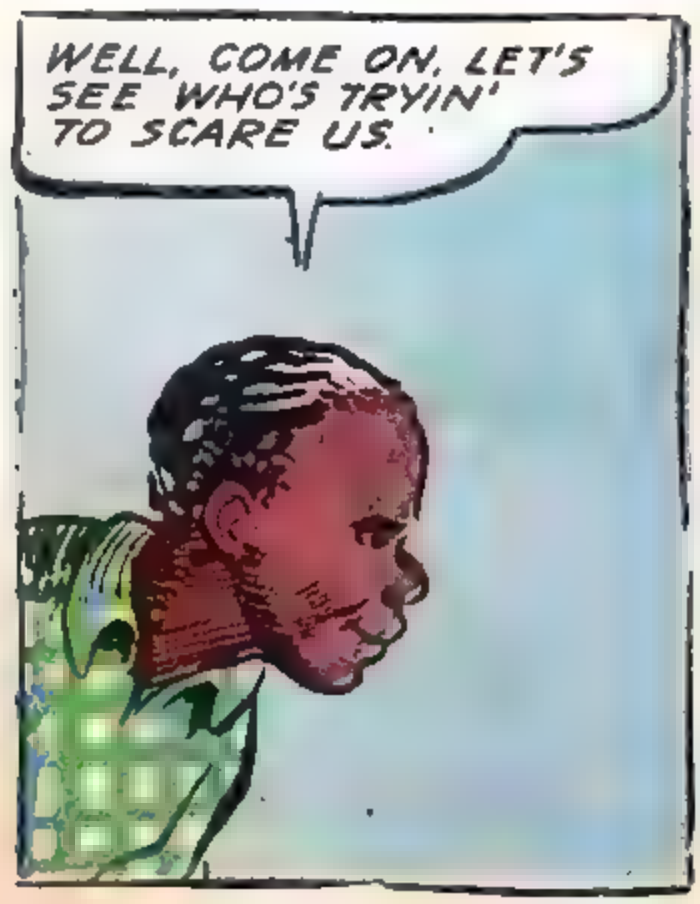
TELL SOME MORE BEDTIME STORIES.

GOOD NIGHT! THEY GONNA SIT AROUND TELLIN' LULLABIES FER A COUPLE HOURS.

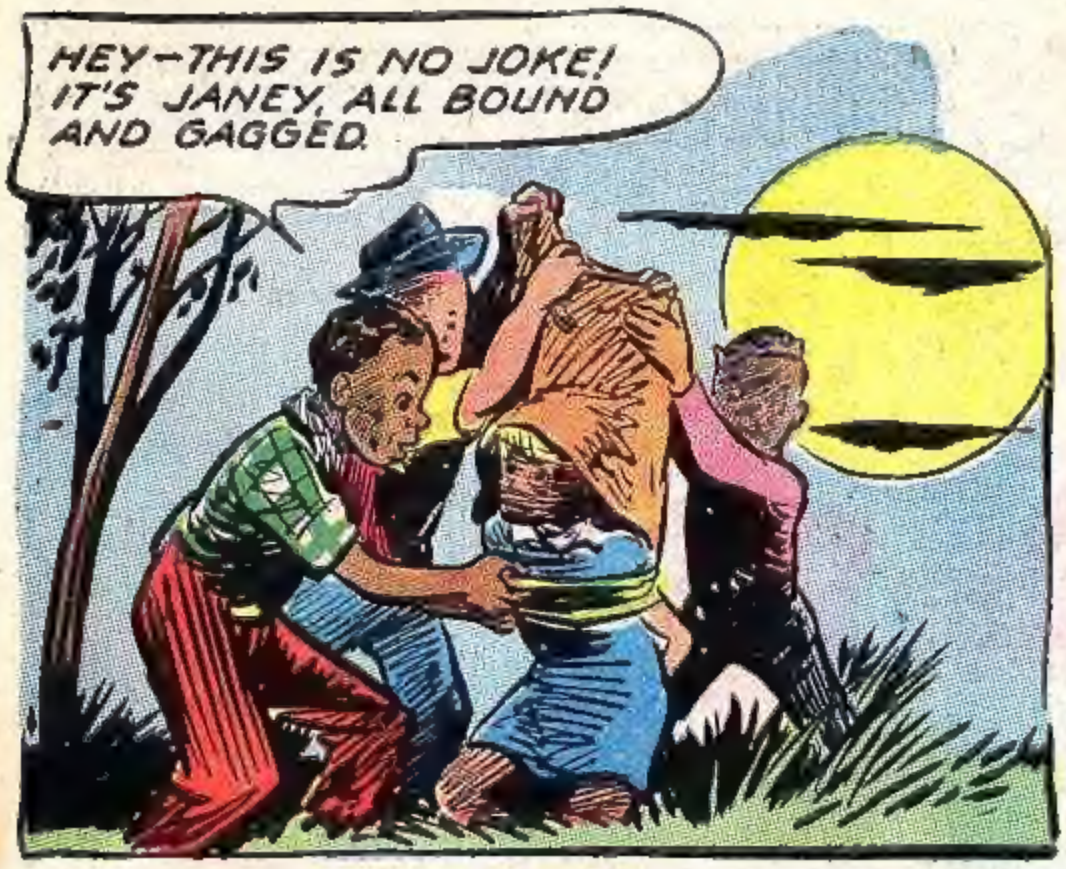
LISTEN TO THAT— AN INDIAN DRUM!
THUMP
TUMP
WUMP
THUMP


LOOK—THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT!
THUMP

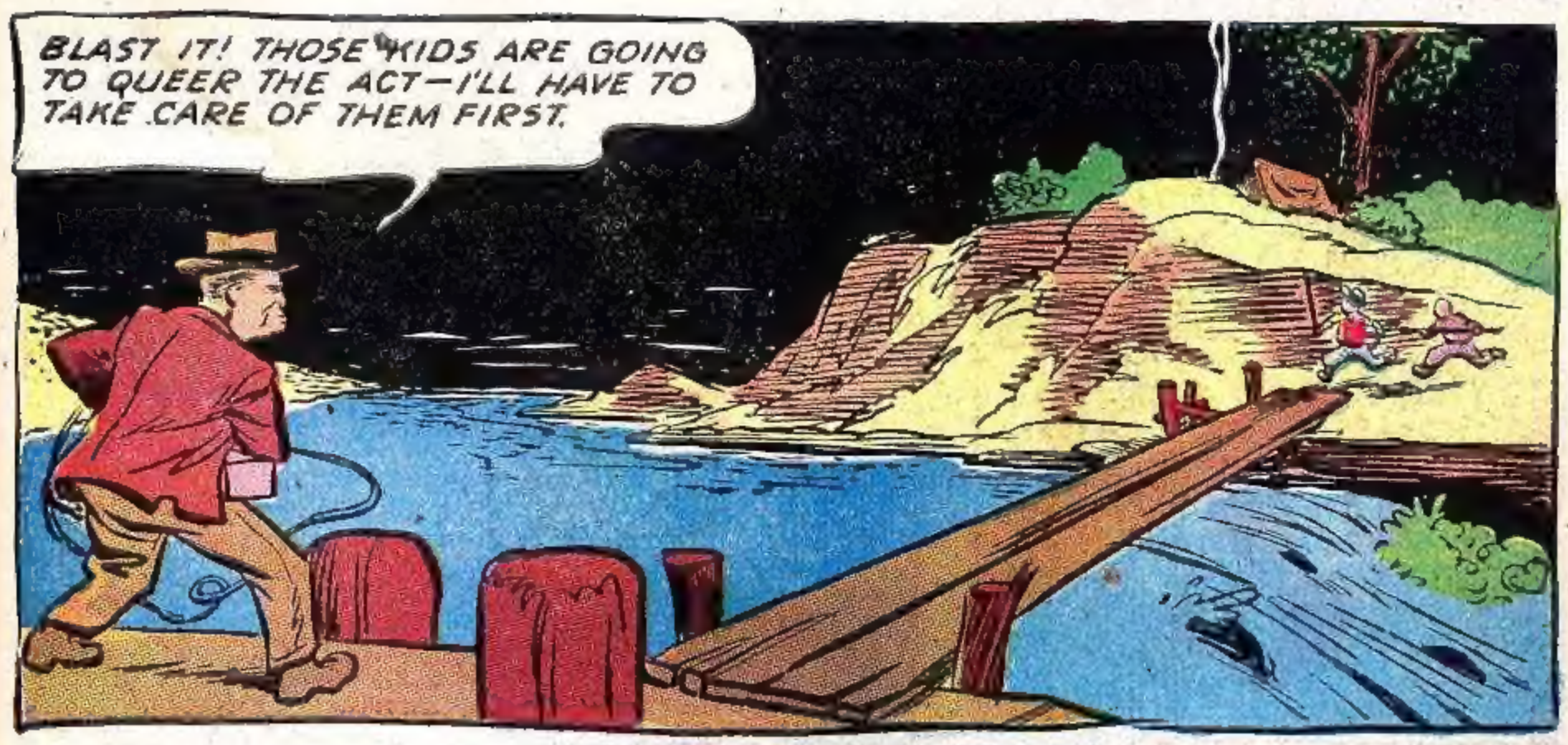
I THOUGHT YOU SAID GHOSTS DON'T HOP!
FIRST ONE I'VE EVER SEEN DO IT.


WELL, COME ON, LET'S SEE WHO'S TRYIN' TO SCARE US.

IT'S MY CHANCE TO CROSS.

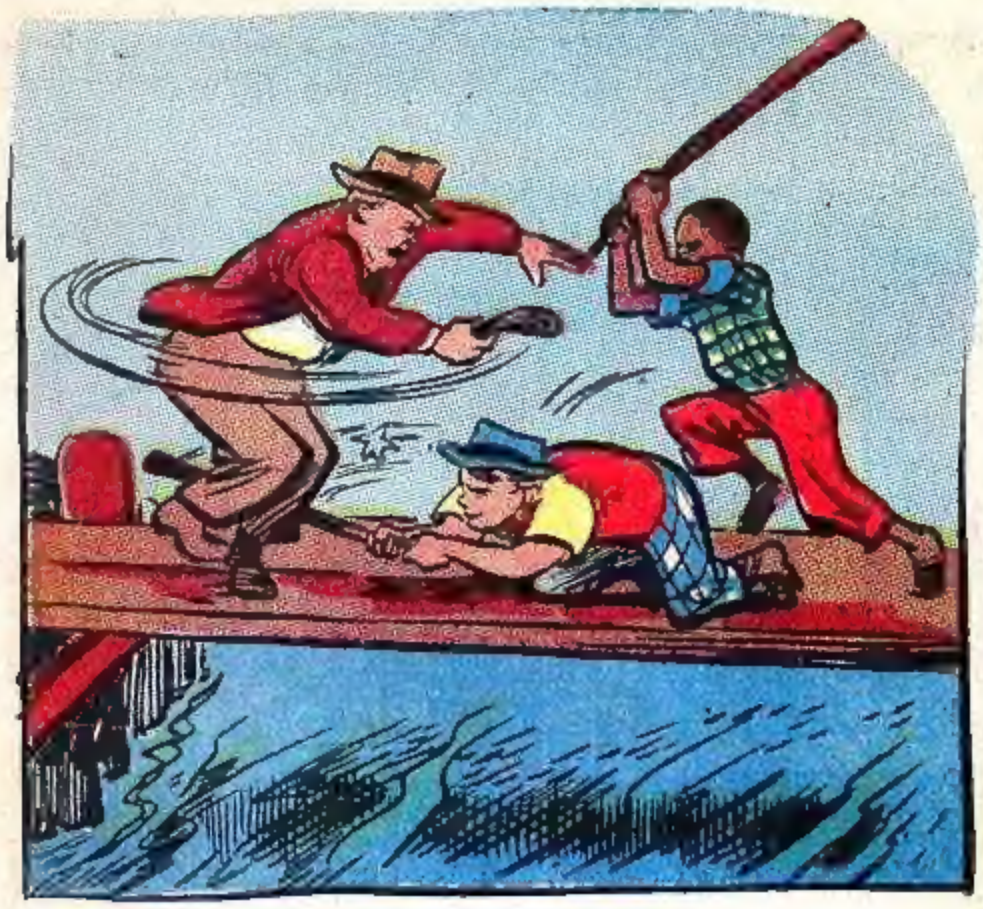

HEY—THIS IS NO JOKE! IT'S JANEY, ALL BOUND AND GAGGED.

QUICK! THAT MAN UP THERE! HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE PILINGS AND RUIN BILL'S WORK!


BLAST IT! THOSE KIDS ARE GOING TO QUEER THE ACT—I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM FIRST.

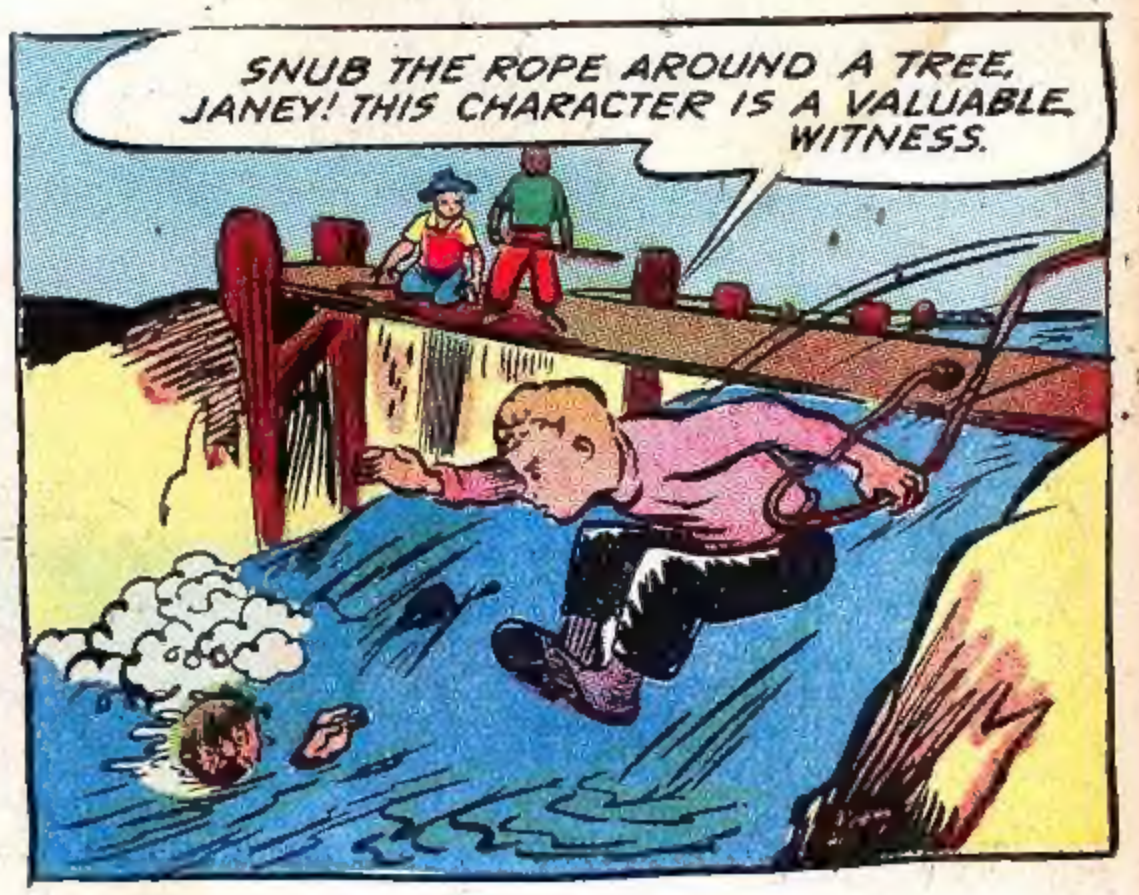
GET OUT, KIDS, OR I'LL PUT HOLES IN YOUR HEADS WITH THIS BLACKJACK.
THESE HICKORY STICKS ARE HARDER THAN EVEN YOUR HEAD, LITTLE JOHN.

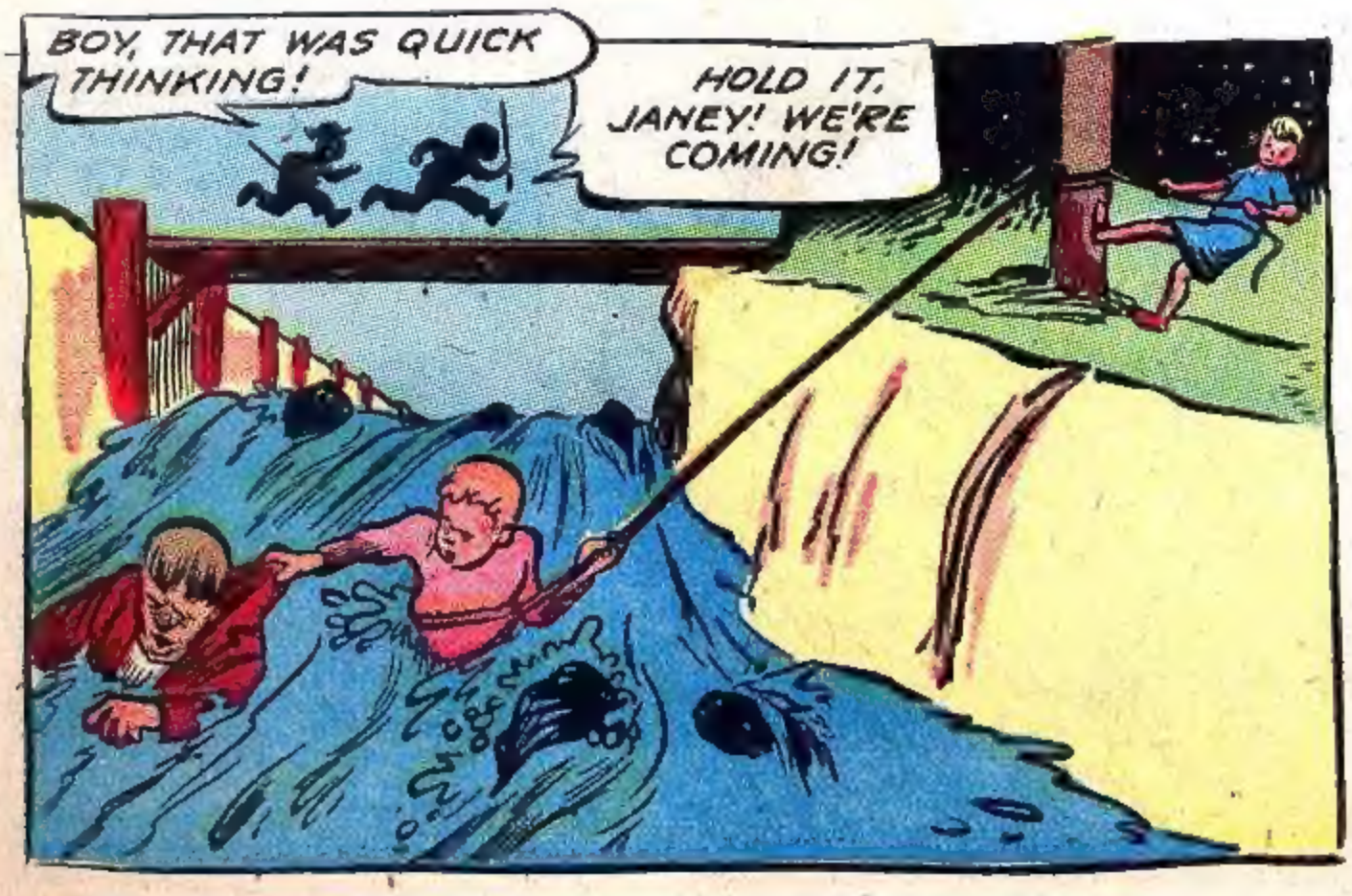
YOU LITTLE MEAN TYPE KID—CALL ME A LITTLE JOHN, WILL YA?



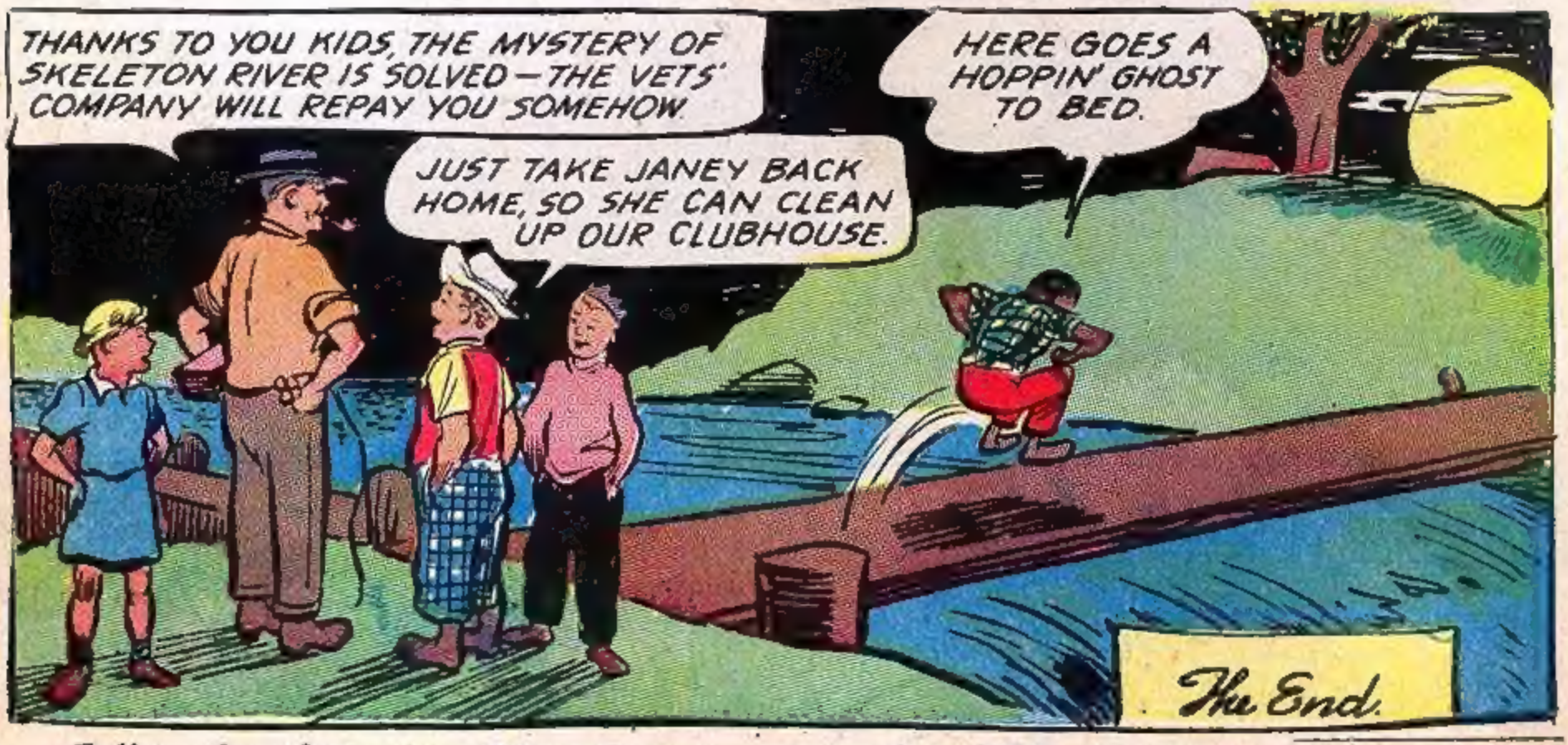
OW, MY LEG! MY ARM!
CRACK!

HELP, HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!


SNUB THE ROPE AROUND A TREE, JANEY! THIS CHARACTER IS A VALUABLE WITNESS.


BOY, THAT WAS QUICK THINKING!
HOLD IT, JANEY! WE'RE COMING!

LOOK! SOME MEN WITH LIGHTS!



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